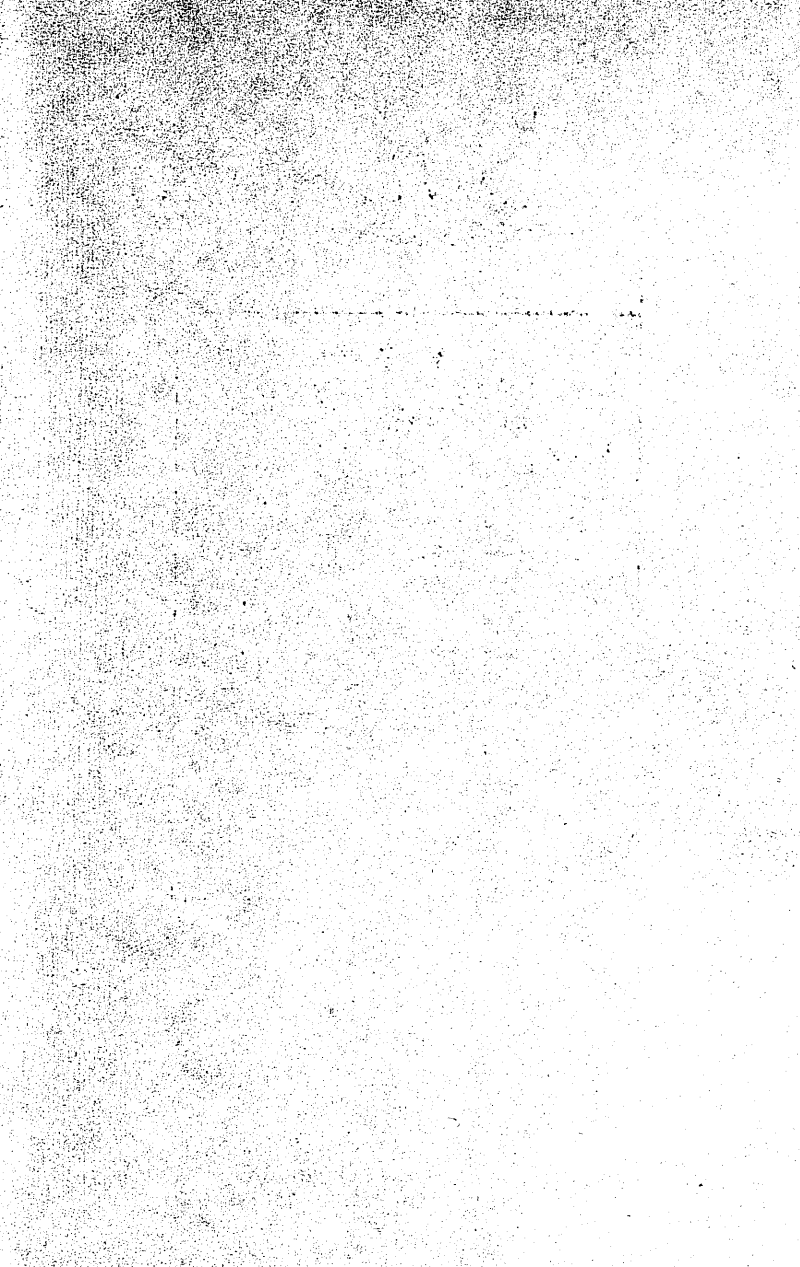


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ARRANGED BY
L. GRISWOLD WILLIAMS
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FOREWORD.

The purpose animating the selection and arrangement of this collection is to supply vital material for the evocation of a religious mood by means of antiphonal reading. Vocal cooperation of leader and group in the development of a given theme is one of the oldest forms of religious expression, and originates in psychological needs deeply enough rooted to give it a permanent place in worship.

Recently, however, it has been the tendency to minimize the value of antiphonal reading, looking upon it as a formality, best when most brief. This seems due largely to a dissatisfaction with the lack of contemporary and spontaneous interest in the Hebrew Psalms exclusively utilized, rather than to a defect inherent in the form.

The present collection is intended to remedy this situation by presenting from many sources a range of topics of wider religious import than those traditionally offered, allowing for the selection of material more closely allied with contemporary attitudes and themes.

In addition, the compiler looks upon the antiphonal as a vital function of the group in worship. It serves a creative purpose emotionally in developing the desired psychic atmosphere, unconsciously preparing the mood of the participants for the reception of the best the service offers.

From the intellectual standpoint it has efficacy also, inculcating ideas definitely and unobtrusively through the combination of vocal and visual repetition, according to the choice of the leader.

But most important, in offering the people the opportunity of participating in the service, the antiphonal is creative of spiritual unity. When vital material is pre-

sented, in the use of which all can join without mental or emotional reservations, the service becomes a process in which all cooperate, rather than of one versus the many. Then, instead of the antiphonal being a formal reception and repetition of words, it becomes a living concurrence of minds and hearts in the development of pertinent ideas and moods.

In the present collection, three general types of antiphonal have been recognized. 1: Readings which express emotion already felt; 2: those serving to stimulate an emotion desired; 3: those of a purely didactic nature which partake of a rhythmic or emotional quality. Naturally one type often merges into another.

In the organization of the Readings, form has been subordinated to spirit. Either one or more sentences, or parts of a sentence, may comprise a "side", so long as the ideas are consistent. The structure of the whole selection shall be coherent, and as far as possible in keeping with the author's development of the thought. No set arrangement is imposed; the selection may begin discursively and rise to an emphatic conclusion; or a key-note may be struck, variations played upon it, the theme recurring at the end; or a series of integrated word-pictures may be used to stimulate the imagination creatively. However, when a new idea is presented, it shall be voiced by the leader; various developments of the central theme may be voiced either by leader or people. Unusual words and phrases shall be assigned to the leader. Sing-song rhymes shall be avoided.

It is believed that the printing arrangement, whereby all responses are indented, and the whole selection is placed on facing pages, is the most convenient for the purpose. It will be noted that the only numbers used in the book are those which refer to the Readings listed alphabetically according to authorship, thus avoiding confusion with page numbers.

For leaders and individual readers the Index of Topics presents a range of over two hundred items from which to

select Readings which harmonize with the occasion. The heading for each Reading is intended to indicate its general mood; information as to authorship and sources is placed at the back of the book so there may be no distraction.

In choosing themes, the attempt has been made to provide readings suitable for traditional religious usage and the important days of the church year; beside these, topics of wider religious import are included; together with material appropriate to scholastic and civic occasions needing a religious tone such as antiphonal reading may supply.

It is hoped that in addition to being useful in this varied field, this collection may aid in pointing the need to those who may be gifted to produce original material, and stir them to create, with something of the power of the Psalmists of old, antiphonals expressive of the universal needs of the human spirit as they are felt today.

Recognition is hereby given to the inspiration afforded by "Orders of Service for Public Worship" compiled by the Rev. Anna Garlin Spencer, D. D., in 1896; and "Readings from Great Authors" arranged by the Rev. John Haynes Holmes, D. D., and others.

In practice it is recommended that the leader begin the reading of his lines on the last word of the response by the group, rather than to wait for any pause after the group has finished. This will initiate a speedier response by the group, and will eliminate those pauses which not only prevent the smooth development of the thought but destroy the vital mood which the unbroken tempo of antiphonal reading is intended to create.

It may be pointed out in conclusion that many of the Readings in this collection may be used for the second or extra-Biblical scripture lesson in the service of worship; and that they are also suitable for individual worship and meditation.

L. Griswold Williams..

THE RIVER OF TIME

A wanderer is man from his birth. He was born in a ship
on the breast of the river of Time;

Brimming with wonder and joy, he spreads out his
arms to the light, rivets his gaze on the banks of the
stream.

As what he sees is, so have his thoughts been.

Whether he wakes where the snowy mountainous
pass, echoing the scream of the eagles, hems in its
gorges the bed of the new-born clear-flowing stream;

Whether he first sees light where the river in gleaming
rings sluggishly winds through the plain; whether in sound
of the swallowing sea,—

As is the world on the banks, so is the mind of man.

Vainly does each, as he glides, fable and dream of the lands
which the river of Time had left ere he woke on its breast,
or shall wake when his eyes have been closed.

Only the tract where he sails he wots of; only the
thoughts, raised by the object he passes, are his.

Who can see the green earth any more as she was by the
sources of Time? Who imagines the fields as they lay in
the sunshine, unworn by the plough?

Who thinks as they thought, the tribes who then
roamed on her breast, her vigorous primitive sons?

This tract which the river of Time now flows through
with us, is the plain. Gone is the calm of the earlier shore.
Bordered by cities, and hoarse with a thousand cries is its
stream.

And we on its breast, our minds are confused as the
cries which we hear, changing and short as the sights

which we see.

And we say that repose has fled forever the course of the river of Time. That cities will grow to its edge in a blacker incessanter line;

That the din will be more on its banks, denser the trade on its stream, flatter the plain where it flows, fiercer the sun overhead.

But what was before us we know not, and we know not what shall succeed.

Haply, the river of Time—as it grows, as the towns on its marge fling their wavering lights on a wider, statelier stream—may acquire a solemn peace of its own.

And the width of the waters, the hush of the gray expanse where he floats, freshening its current, and spotted with foam as it draws to the ocean, may strike peace to the soul of the man on its breast,—

As the pale waste widens around him, as the banks fade dimmer away, as the stars come out, and the night-wind brings up the stream murmurs and scents of the infinite sea.

THE MAGNANIMOUS LIFE.

Say to thyself at daybreak: I shall come across the busy-body, the thankless, the bully, the treacherous, the envious, the unneighborly. All this has befallen them because they know not good from evil.

But I, in that I have comprehended the nature of the Good that it is beautiful, and the nature of the Evil that it is ugly, and the nature of the wrong-doer himself, that it is akin to me as partaker of intelligence and a morsel of the Divine, can neither be injured by any of them.

For we have come into being for cooperation, as have the feet, the hands, the eyelids, the rows of upper and lower teeth.

Therefore to thwart one another is against Nature; and we do thwart one another by showing resentment and aversion.

When thou art offended by shamelessness in any one, put this question at once to thyself: Can it be that shameless men should not exist in the world?

It cannot be. Then ask not for what cannot be; for this man is one of the shameless ones that must needs exist in the world.

Have the same reflection ready for any other wrong-doer whatsoever; for the remembrance that this class of men cannot but exist will bring with it kindlier feelings toward individuals of the class.

Take this conclusion to heart: that rational creatures have been made for one another; that forbearance is part of justice; that wrong-doing is involuntary; and at last stay thy fretting.

Right useful is it to bethink thee at once of this: What virtue has Nature given man as a foil to the wrong-doing in question?

For as an antidote against the unfeeling man she has given gentleness, and against another man some other source.

It is a man's especial privilege to love even those who stumble. And this love follows as soon as thou reflectest that they are kin to thee, and that they do wrong involuntarily and through ignorance;

And this, above all, that the man has done thee no hurt; for he has not made thy ruling Reason worse than it was before.

Does a man do thee wrong? Go to and mark what notion of good and evil was his that he did thee wrong. Once perceive that, and thou wilt feel compassion, not surprise or anger.

What if a man thinks scorn of me? That will be his affair. But it will be mine not to be found doing or saying anything worthy of scorn.

But what if he hate me? That will be his affair. But I will be kindly and good-natured to everyone, and ready to show even my enemy where he has been amiss.

For such should be the inner springs of a man's heart that the gods see him not wrathfully disposed at anything, or counting it a hardship.

Watch the stars in their courses as one that runneth about with them therein; and think constantly upon the reciprocal changes of the elements; for thoughts of these things clear the mire away from our earthly life.

Vested in the soul is the power of living ever the noblest of lives, let a man but be indifferent toward indifferent things.

REASON AND DEATH.

How tiny a fragment of the boundless abyss of Time has been appointed to each man! For in a moment it is lost in eternity.

Not even death can bring terror to him who regards that alone as good which comes in due season.

Cease not to bear in mind how many physicians are dead after puckering up their brows over their patients; how many astrologers after making a great parade of predicting the death of others; and how many philosophers after endless disquisitions on death and immortality;

How many great captains after butchering thousands; how many tyrants after exercising with revolting insolence their power of life and death; and how many entire cities are dead.

In a word, fail not to note how short-lived are all mortal things, and how paltry—yesterday a little protoplasm, to-day a mummy or burnt ash.

Pass then through this tiny span of time in accordance with Nature, and come to thy journey's end with a good grace, just as an olive falls when it is fully ripe, praising the earth that bare it, and grateful to the tree that gave it growth.

But a little while thou shalt be burnt ashes or a few dry bones, and possibly a name, possibly not even a name. And a name is but a sound and a far off echo.

And all that we prize so highly in our lives is empty and paltry, and we but as puppies snapping at each other, as quarrelsome children now laughing and anon in tears.

What then remains? To wait with a good grace for the

end, whether it be extinction or translation.

But till our time for that comes, what sufficeth? What but to reverence God, to do good unto men, and to bear with them and forbear.

One thing on earth is worth much—to live out our lives in truth and justice, and in charity with liars and unjust men.

Live as on a mountain; for whether it is here or there matter not provided that, wherever a man live, he live as a citizen of the World-City.

Man, who hast been a citizen of this World-City, what matters it to thee if for five years or a hundred? For under its laws equal treatment is meted out to all.

What hardship then is there in being banished from the city, not by a tyrant or an unjust judge, but by Nature who settled thee in it?

Despise not death, but welcome it, for Nature wills it like all else. For dissolution is but one of the processes of Nature, associated with thy life's various seasons.

A man then that has reasoned the matter out should not take toward death the attitude of indifference, reluctance or scorn, but wait it as one of the processes of Nature.

Presently the earth will cover us all. It too will anon be changed, and the resulting product will go on from change to change, and so for ever and ever.

When a man thinks of these successive waves of changes and transformations, and their rapidity, he will hold every mortal thing in scorn.

THE BELOVED COMMUNITY:

Through the long centuries of human history there has been building a Beloved Community in which all souls that love, all souls that aspire, are bound together in one life.

Precious unto us are the names of the heroes and leaders of the race who have toiled mightily in the service of the Beloved Community.

Precious unto us are the men of the spirit of Jesus, who, in every age and every clime, have endured all things that they might bear testimony to that truth which is powerful unto the salvation of the world.

Precious unto us is the memory of the unnumbered millions who humble and nameless the straight hard pathway trod.

Precious unto us the memory of earth's lowly who have added, each in his measure, to the ever growing treasures of the common life of man.

All these have not lived in vain.

They have put on immortality in the life of the Beloved Community.

All these are not dead.

They have joined the Choir Invisible whose music is the gladness of the world.

Still does the spirit of Jesus speed on its conquering way.

Still do the Prophets and Martyrs inspire men to heroism and self-sacrifice in the service of life.

Still do our beloved dead live again in minds made better by their presence.

We too are members of the Beloved Community. A

thousand unseen ties bind us in one living body apart from which there is no life.

We are joined in one communion of love and aspiration with all mankind, living or dead.

We too have our gifts to bring to the altar of Humanity,—gifts of love, of wisdom, of consecration.

We too would make our contribution to the unborn future, and find immortality in the radiant life of the Beloved Community.

We are strong with the strength of all mankind; the courage of Humanity's burden bearers of all the years descends upon us.

We are thine, O Beloved Community! Take us, use us! Let our whole lives be an offering laid on thy living altar.

THE LURE OF THE INFINITE.

When you dwell at the shore of the sea, where gleaming sails swell with the breath of distant adventure, your thoughts, no matter how low and limited, cannot be entirely landlocked and earthbound.

The far sweep of the ocean calls to you, and at the sound of the booming billows there awakens in you something of the poet and prophet you were in your childhood days.

When you dwell by the shore of the sea, the wild strains of the alternating tides will keep alive whatever is wayward and untamed in your inmost spirit.

The ships that come and go will carry more than their visible freight: they will carry to far lands the invisible cargo of your dreams and desires—when you dwell by the shore of the sea!

It may well be that your dreams and desires do not rise above material wealth, yet how richly are they colored by the magic distances!

You are a dweller by the shore, and your dreams are shoreline dreams. In your vision you lay the whole world under tribute: all the buried treasures of God's world are not too costly, but belong to you.

You are a prince of some enchanted land, and Life herself is weaving for your special delight her linked wonder tales;

The merely possible is beneath your contempt, and the impossible becomes your daily meat and drink—when you dwell by the shore of the sea!

But when you dwell by the shore of the Infinite Sea, and the sand you stand upon is a beach against which waves beat from an Ocean other than senses can perceive—

When you know that wherever you happen to be there is the shoreline that divides the mortal from the immortal life, where tides come and go from a horizonless Vastness: can your thoughts still remain earth-bound?

Will not the sea-surge of the Infinite sing in your blood, and set your heart a-moving to the rhythm of eternity?

And the adventure you will then thrill to, will it not be the universal romance of all the worlds: the story of the adventurous God who has been experimenting with shining dust kneaded into stars and flowers, shaped into hearts and souls?

Will this not be your shoreline dream: to learn ever more of the secret springs of the divine adventure of existence, to fill yourself with its glowing beauty, and help carry it forward to its last goal?

Like gleaming sails your thoughts will go forth to explore the dream-haunted regions of the Beyond; they will come home to you bringing messages from the farthest reaches of Infinitude.

When as a merchant dreaming of the riches of this world you dwell in body by the shore of the sea, the tides of your heart will flow to and fro with the freighted argosies that dot the busy haven;

But your heart itself shall be a haven for the ships of desire, faring forth or returning, when, as a child of God craving the riches of the spirit, you dwell in thought by the shores of the Infinite Sea!

A FOREST HYMN.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned to hew the shaft, and lay the architrave, and spread the roof upon them—

Ere he framed the lofty vault, to gather and roll back the sound of anthems—

In the darkling wood, amid the cool and silence, he knelt down, and offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks and supplication;

For his simple heart might not resist the sacred influences which stole over him, and bowed his spirit with the thought of boundless power and inaccessible majesty.

Ah, why should we, in the world's riper years, neglect God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore only among the crowd, and under roofs that our frail hands have raised?

Let me, here in the shadow of this aged wood, offer one hymn,—thrice happy, if it find acceptance in His ear.

Father, thy hand hath reared these venerable columns, thou didst weave this verdant roof. These dim vaults, these winding aisles, of human pomp or pride report not.

No fantastic carvings show the boast of our vain race to change the form of thy fair works.

But thou art here—thou fill'st the solitude. Thou art in the soft winds that run along the summit of these trees in music;

Thou art in the cooler breath that from the inmost darkness of the place comes, scarcely felt;

The trunks, the ground, the fresh earth, are all instinct

with thee.

Here is continual worship;—Nature, here, in the tranquility that thou dost love, enjoys thy presence.

Thou hast not left thyself without a witness, in these shades, of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace are here to speak of thee.

My heart is awed within me when I think of the great miracle that still goes on, in silence, round me—

The perpetual work of thy creation, finished, yet renewed forever. Written on thy works I read the lesson of thy own eternity.

Let me often to these solitudes retire, and in thy presence reassure my feeble virtue.

Here its enemies, the passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink and tremble and are still.

Be it ours to meditate, in these calm shades, thy majesty, and to the beautiful order of thy works learn to conform the order of our lives.

THE IDEAL AND THE ACTUAL

Man is, properly speaking, based upon Hope, he has no other possession but Hope; this world of his is emphatically the Place of Hope.

Man's unhappiness comes from his greatness; it is because there is an Infinite in him, which with all his cunning he cannot quite bury under the Finite.

There is in man a Higher than Love of Happiness: he can do without Happiness, and instead thereof find Blessedness.

Was it not to preach forth this same Higher that Sages and Martyrs, the Poet and the Priest, at all times have spoken and suffered; bearing testimony, through life and through death, of the Godlike that is in Man, and how in the Godlike only has he strength and freedom?

Which God-inspired Doctrine art thou also honored to be taught, and broken with manifold merciful afflictions, even till thou become contrite and learn it!

Love not Pleasure; love God: this is the Everlasting Yea, wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him.

The hour of Spiritual Enfranchisement is even this: When your Ideal World, wherein the whole man has been dimly struggling and inexpressibly languishing to work, becomes revealed, and thrown open;

And you discover with amazement that here, in this poor, miserable, hampered Actual, wherein thou even now standest, is thy Ideal. Work it out therefrom; and working, believe, live, be free.

The Ideal is in thyself, the impediment too is in thyself: thy condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same

Ideal out of.

O thou that pinest in the imprisonment of the Actual, and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth: the thing thou seekest is already with thee, here or nowhere, couldst thou only see!

Our Life is compassed round with Necessity; the God-given mandate, *Work thou in Welldoing*, lies mysteriously written in our hearts, and leaves us no rest till it burn forth, in our conduct, a visible, acted Gospel of Freedom.

Doubt of any sort cannot be removed except by Action. Do the Duty which lies nearest thee! The second Duty will already have become clearer.

Of your strength there is and can be no clear feeling, save by what you have done. Our Works are the mirror wherein the Spirit first sees its natural lineaments.

So spiritual is our whole daily life: all that we do springs out of Mystery, Spirit, invisible Force; like a cloud-image does the Actual body itself forth from the great mystic Deep.

It is with man's Soul as it is with Nature: the beginning of Creation is—Light. Till the eye have vision, the whole members are in bonds.

Divine moment, when over the tempest-tossed soul, as once over the wild-weltering Chaos, it is spoken: Let there be Light!

Be no longer a Chaos, but a World. Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a Product, produce it, in God's name!

This fair Universe, were it the meanest province thereof, is in very deed the star-domed City of God; through every star, through every grass-blade, and most through every Living Soul, the glory of the present God still beams.

LABOR'S RECOGNITION.

Two men I honor, and no third. First, the toilworn Craftsman that with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man's.

Venerable to me is the hard hand; venerable too is the rugged face; for it is the face of man living manlike.

Hardly-entreated Brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed:

Thou wert our conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred.

For in thee too lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom.

Yet toil on, toil on: thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

A second man I honor, and still more highly: him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not daily bread, but the bread of Life.

Is not he too in his duty; endeavoring toward inner Harmony; revealing this, by act or by word, through all his outward endeavors, be they high or low?

Highest of all, when his outward and his inner endeavor are one: when we can name him Artist;

Not earthly Craftsman only, but inspired Thinker, who with heaven-made implement conquers heaven for us!

If the poor and humble toil that we may have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he may have Light, have Guidance, Freedom, Immortality?

These two, in all their degrees, I honor: all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

It is not because of his toils that I lament for the poor: we must all toil; no faithful workman finds his task a pastime.

But what I do mourn over is, that the lamp of his soul should go out.

Alas, while the body stands so broad and brawny, must the soul lie blinded, dwarfed, stupified, almost annihilated!

Alas, was this too a Breath of God; bestowed in heaven, but on earth never to be unfolded!

That there should one man die ignorant who had capacity for knowledge, this I call tragedy.

The miserable fraction of Science which our united mankind has acquired, why is not this, with all diligence, imparted to all?

THE SANCTITY OF WORK.

Work is great, and there is no other greatness! To make some nook of God's Creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God; to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier! It is work for a God!

Genuine Work alone, what thou workest faithfully, that is eternal, as the Almighty Founder and World-Builder himself.

All true Work is sacred; in all true Work there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the Earth, has its summit in Heaven. Sweat of the brow; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart; all Sciences, all spoken Epics, all Heroisms, Martyrdoms:

O brother, if this is not worship, then the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky!

Man perfects himself by working. Whatever of morality and of intelligence; what of patience, perseverance, faithfulness, of method, insight, ingenuity, energy; in a word, whatsoever of Strength the man hath will lie written in the Work he does.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it!

Giant Labor, truest emblem there is of God the World-Worker, is yet to be King of this Earth and sit on the highest throne, with a *soul* in the body of him, leaving Mammonism on the lower steps.

To be a noble Master, among noble Workers, will again be the first ambition; to be a *rich* Master only the second.

Unstained by wasteful deformities, by wasted tears or heart's-blood of men, noble fruitful Labor, growing ever nobler, will come forth,—the grand sole miracle of Man;

A new Sovereignty, Industrial Aristocracy; some Chivalry of Labor, more noble than any Chivalry of Fighting was, will yet be realized.

When Mammon-worshippers begin to be God-worshippers, and there is a Soul felt once more in the huge pulsating mechanic animalism of this Earth, it will be again a blessed Earth.

A "Splendor of God," in one form or another, will have to unfold itself from the heart of these Industrial Ages; or they will continue chaotic, distressed, distracted evermore.

All true Work is Religion. Older than all preached Gospels was this unpreached, inarticulate, but ineradicable, forever-enduring Gospel: Work, and therein have Well-Being.

One Liturgy forever remains: that of Praying by Working,—the last Evangel, which has included all others.

Its Cathedral, the dome of Immensity, coped with star-galaxies; paved with the green mosaic of land and ocean; and for Altar, verily, the Star-throne of the Eternal!

Its Litany the noble acts, the heroic work and suffering, and true heart-utterance of all the Valiant of the Sons of Men!

Its Choir-music the ancient Winds and Oceans, and deep-toned, inarticulate, but most speaking voices of Destiny and History, supernal ever as of old!

One grand Host, immeasurable: Ploughers, Spinners, Builders; Prophets, Poets, Kings; all martyrs and noble men; marching ever forward since the beginning of the World!

EMANCIPATION.

Do not pay too much attention to the stupid Body. When you have trained it, made it healthy, beautiful, and your willing servant, do not then reverse the order and become its slave and attendant.

Remember that if you walk away from it and leave it behind, it will have to follow you.

But if you turn and wait upon it—and its mouth and its belly and its sex-wants and all its little ape-tricks—then instead of the body becoming like you, you will become like the body;

Incredibly stupid and unformed—going back in the path of evolution—imprisoned in your own members.

Therefore quite lightly and decisively at each turning point in the path leave your body a little way behind, with its hungers and sleeps and funny little needs and vanities;

Slipping out at least a few steps in advance, absolutely determined not to be finally bound or weighted down by it.

Do not pay too much attention to the wandering Mind. When you have trained it, made it your flexible instrument and tool, do not then reverse the order and become the mere attendant and exhibitor of its acrobatic feats.

Remember that if you walk away from it, paying it no attention whatever, it will have to follow you; it will become at last the shining interpreter of Yourself.

But if you turn and wait always upon it, and its idiotic cares and anxieties, instead of your Mind becoming your interpreter, it will develop antics of its own—

Incredibly tangle-haired and diseased and unclean—

in whose features you, in sadness and in vain, will search for your own image.

Therefore quite decisively, day by day, leave your Mind for a time in silence, with its tyrannous thoughts and demands, and funny little fears and fancies;

Slipping out and going your own way into the Unseen; absolutely determined not to be bound by any of its conclusions; or fossilized in any pattern that it may invent.

Drawing back for a moment from Time, and its superficial claims and conclusions, realizing that all is for expression, and that for this end, first-evolved and latest-evolved are equally important;

Realize—thus for a moment withdrawn—that there is no need to hurry, no need to dash against the bars;

But that Time itself rushing on with amazing swiftness in its vast and endless round, with suns and systems, ages and geologic epochs, races and tribes of beings—

Mineral, vegetable, animal, and ethereal, circle beyond circle, infallibly fulfills and gives utterance to the glorious whole:

Like one in the calm that is the center of the cyclone—guarded by the very tornado around—undisturbed, yet having access equally to every side,

Drink of the deep wells of rest and joy, and sit with all the gods in Paradise.

TO TAKE BY LEAVING,
TO HOLD BY LETTING GO.

Now when out of the house of your childhood you are departing, where you suffered, where you joyed, in the old confused childish way, not certainly distinguishing things,

Now, suddenly, as you leave it, how it all becomes clear, in a new and incomparable light!

This is the corner where your little bed stood against the wall, this the window where the moon peeped, and the white and ghostly dawn came;

These are the closed rooms and chests into which you were so seldom permitted to look, this was the daily routine of life which for some inscrutable reason was so rigidly adhered to;

These are the stairs where up and down moved such queer processions—funerals and weddings, and bustling visitors and elderly aunts and uncles, and the parson and the doctor in their turn;

And you were bade stand aside since you could not understand—but now you understand it all.

Now leaving it all, the window truly for you will never stand open again, nor the sweet night-air through it blow; never again for you on the little coverlet of your bed will the moonlight fall;

And yet mayhap for the first time will the wind really blow and the moonlight fall;

For the first time shall you really see the face of your father whom you used to meet so often on the stairs.

All the spaces and corners of the house, and the swinging of the doors, and the tones and voices of those

behind them, shall be full of meanings which were hidden from you while you dwelt among them.

Nor shall they ever leave you. Never so long as yourself lasts shall you forget your mother smoothing out the pillow under your head, last thing at night, and kissing you as you slept;

Nay, every year so long as you live shall you understand that act better—shall you come closer in reality to her whom as a child you saw but through a glass darkly.

Leaving and again leaving, and ever leaving go of the surface of objects, so taking the heart of them with us,—

This is the law.

The beauty of a certain scene in Nature; the beauty, the incomparable beauty of the face and presence of the loved one; the sweetness of pleasure—of food, of music, of exercise, or of rest and sleep—

All these are good to obtain and hold; yet (when the need arises) to be able to dispense with them—that is indeed to hold and to realize them even more deeply.

When at last Death comes, then all of Life shall be to us as the house of our childhood—for the first time we shall really possess it.

But who is ready to die to Life now, he even now possesses it.

THE SPIRITUAL BODY OF HUMANITY.

When life like a ghastly panorama stretches before the eye of the spirit—a festal procession, as it were, continually gulping itself in a quicksand;

When—waking as in a nightmare at dead of night—one thinks of all the disease, the weariness, the suffering of the world as it is;

When one thinks of the sudden senseless accidents which are for ever occurring: the ship returning home, full, with brimming hearts, ripped on a rock and gone in a moment to the bottom;

A lurch, somewhere, of the shrinking earth-strata, and a whole city tumbled in shrieks and ruin;

The breaking of a cable, a flaw in a wheel, a random step on a stairway—and husband torn from wife, and mother from child, or child from mother;

Death and destruction and the messengers of death and destruction in myriad forms still waiting to fulfill the inevitable doom;

When the necessity arises to face all this—and face it out—then somehow, underneath it all, I seem to see that the strands of affection and love,— so tender, so true, and life-long,

And longer than life—holding together the present and past generations;

The currents of love and thought streaming in the watches of the night from far and near, from one to another,—

Streaming all the more powerfully for the very hindrances and disasters which arrive or threaten, and building in the day such likeness of their dreams as may be—

That these inner are after all more real in some sense than the outer things—

That they surpass in actual vitality and significance even all this artillery of horrors.

I dream that these are the fibres and nerves of a body that lies within the outer body of society, a network, an innumerable vast interlocked ramification being slowly built up—

All dear lovers and friends, all families, groups, all peoples, nations, all times, all worlds perhaps—

Of which the outer similitudes and shells, like the minute cells of an organism, are shed and die in endless multitude with continual decay and corruption;

But the real individuals persist and are members of a Body,

Archetypal, eterne, glorious, the center and perfection of life,

And the source of all the Light in the universe.

NATURAL GOODNESS.

The true doctrine consists solely in integrity of heart, and treating one's neighbor as one wishes to be treated by him.

If one strives to treat others as he would be treated by them, he will not fail to come near the perfect life.

What you would not like to have done to yourself, do it not unto others. When you labor for others, do it with the same zeal as if it were for yourself.

Love of man is chief of all the virtues. The mean man sows that himself and his friends may reap; but the love of the perfect man is universal.

Of all noble qualities, loving compassion is the noblest. The good man loves all men; he loves to speak of the good of others; all within the four seas are his brothers.

Hide the faults of others and make known their virtues. When you hear men talk of the wickedness of mankind, partake not of their pleasure. When you hear men speak of the virtues of mankind, approve and rejoice therein.

All men have in themselves the feelings of mercy and pity, of shame and hatred of vice. It is for each one by culture to let these feelings grow or to let them wither.

They are part of the organization of man, as much as his limbs or senses; and they may be trained as well.

The mountains naturally put forth beautiful trees. Even when the trunks are hewn down, through the activity of vegetable life and the nourishing influence of the sun and rain, buds and shoots will constantly spring forth.

If cattle are allowed to browse upon the mountain, it looks bare, and people think it was never finely

wooded: but shall we say then that bareness is natural to the mountain?

And so also of what is natural to man: shall we say that the mind of any man is without benevolence and righteousness? The way in which a man loses his proper goodness is like the way in which the mountain is denuded.

When the lower passions are let loose to eat down the nobler growths of reverence and love in the heart of man, shall we therefore say that there are no such feelings in his heart at all?

Under the quiet peaceful atmosphere of morning and of evening, the natural buds of goodness that have been cut off, tend to grow again.

If it lose its proper nourishment, there is nothing that will not decay away; if it receive its proper nourishment, there is nothing which will not grow.

Benevolence is man's mind, and righteousness is man's path. How lamentable it is to neglect the path, and not pursue it; to lose the mind and not to know how to seek it again!

To preserve one's mental constitution, and nourish one's natural goodness, is the way to serve heaven. To develop the principles of one's higher nature is to know heaven.

The way which the world chooses is not the Eternal Way. The Eternal Way is in your own heart; follow that way diligently, but make no display of it to the world.

Religion is not to be found in books, nor happiness in the possessions of the world. In his own heart the superior man finds the fountains of Truth and Joy.

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THE TOURNAMENT OF MAN.

The old, old dream of empire—the dream of Alexander and Caesar, of Tamerlane and Genghis Khan—

The dream of subject peoples carrying out our sovereign will through fear—the dream of a universe forced to converge upon us—

The dream of pride and loftiness justified by strength of arms—the dream of our arbitrary “Yea” overcoming all “Nays” whatsoever—

The dream of a cold, stern, hated machine of empire! But there is a more enticing dream: the dream of wise freedom made contagious—the dream of gratitude rising from broken fetters—

The dream of coercion laid prostrate once for all—the dream of nations in love with each other without a thought of common hatred or danger—

The dream of tyrants stripped of their tyrannies, and oppressors despoiled of their prey—

The dream of a warm, throbbing, one-hearted empire of brothers!

Clear the field for the grand tournament of the nations—the struggle to think the best thought, and to express it in tone and color and form and word,—

The struggle to do the greatest deeds and lead the noblest and most useful lives,—the struggle to see clearest, and know truest, and love strongest.

Your other blood and bludgeon contests but postpone the real fray. The true knights are yearning to enter the lists, and you block the high festival with your brawling.

Is it possible that you mistake this horse-play for the

real event of history?

Away with all your brutal disorder, and clear the field for the tournament of Man!

Where are the leaders who will show us the way?
Where are the discoverers who will search out the
secret of true living, and then apply it to their lives?
We are ready to follow them.

It is always enough that a few find the best path,—forth-
with the world follows. And who will lead the way? The
good and the wise must lead.

He who loves most is the best and wisest, and he it is
that leads already. Tell the great secret to the people.
Let the people love and they will lead.

No cunning device of ballot-machinery can give them the
power. No system of common-schools, spending its
energies on mind alone, can give them the power.

No campaign against monopoly and oppression, how-
ever it may promise to succeed, can give them the
power. Nay, but let the people love, and theirs is
the power!

THE NAMELESS PRESENCE.

Thou art here a living presence, O Eternal! Why should my soul ever seek to call Thee by some name, or think to confine Thee in a word between my outward lips?

Thy spirit is one with mine. What cause have I to salute Thy majesty afar off, to lay court to Thy beauty?

Thy presence' is here within me, in the majesty, in the beauty of mine own being. And it is enough.

What further need hath my soul to call upon Thy name?

Is it that I hope and pray by such word devices to subject Thy high Spirit to these petty earth plans of mine, these desires of my flesh, these lawless passions, these earth-crawling ambitions?

Nay, not so; not so shall I drag Thy powers down to serve any low purposes whatsoever.

Is Thy Spirit far away, that my soul must call upon it with loud sounding words? Nay, Thou art very near to every man-soul of us.

Deep covered though Thy Spirit be, it is there, beneath all the unlovely earthly desires and passions of mine; and it shall yet come breaking through!

O Eternal, Thy Spirit hath not changed its ways, nor hath the human heart forgotten its speechless longings for Thy presence. Even as of old Thy Spirit listeneth more to our hearts than to our lips.

It is in the quiet hours and in the silent places that Thou comest upon me, O Eternal. Unbidden, unheralded, nameless, Thou comest I know not whence.

But this I know: Thou fillest my mute soul with all manner of articulate purposes, my foolish mind with unutterable lucid understanding, my measured heartbeats with immeasurable love.

When Thou comest, O Nameless One, it is not with a title whereby my soul may call upon Thy majesty from afar, but as a presence whereby I feel Thee near.

E'en while my lips are sealed and my tongue for very wonder cleaves to the roof of my mouth, something within touches, and with its quiet secret magic opens this heart of mine: and lo, Thou art there!

Something: it may be only a clump of autumn leaves soft-glowing on yonder hillside!

Something: it may be only a light shining from the face of the companion of my fireside!

Something: it may be only an act of kindness, a deed of justice, mercy, love, on the part of some stranger passing by!

Something: it may be only a sense of awe when my soul standeth out under the stars at night; or safe in some covert from its fury, I stand glorying in the thunderbolt and in the power of its might!

Something, some touch of indescribable beauty, some feeling of speechless awe, some breath of unutterable love,—something touches this heart of thine, O my soul, and lo, that presence is there!

THE COMMON ROUND.

Ask not to be saved this day from any of the hard walks of life, nor to dwell in the company of those who would fain live a sheltered, protected life, care-free, indolent, easy-going, self-seeking.

Pray that thou mayest live the common life, sharing in all the joys, entering into all the sorrows, shouting for all the victories, going down in all the defeats, stumbling in all the rough places, sauntering in all the smooth ways with thy fellow comrades along the broad highway of life.

My heart beats within me as if it would break for all the sorrows of the world, as if it would burst with all this love it bears toward all mankind! I feel within me the throbbing as it were of the great heart of humanity.

Know thou by these signs that thy heart, limited, earthbound though it be, is coming alive this day, is waxing tender, is surely entering into the sacred heart of the Eternal!

This day and from henceforth thou shalt be lifted up, higher and higher in the Spirit, lifted up into this limitless, this Eternal Love; up, up beyond all bounds of time and space!

Thy way shall stretch smooth before thee, henceforth forever, and with increasing beauty.

Thou shalt become an ensign to all other way-faring men, sign and symbol to all thy dear comrades on the path of life, visible evidence of the Presence here among men of this all-pervading love of the Eternal.

In the Eternal Strength as it appears in thee, in its light as it shines through thee, thy fellow-travellers

shall also find strength, shall likewise see light.

Invulnerable, thou! Seeing thee, they, too, shall conquer all.

Pathfinder, thou! Following thee, they, too, shall find the way, stretching straight, smooth, beautiful, before all mankind.

Demos, thou! They, too, asking no unearned increments, claiming no exemptions, praying for no special privileges, shall enter with thee into the common life and gladly share in its common lot.

Together in the spirit, they and thou, ye shall all live, henceforth forever, in the common way.

Pray, enter thou into the common life this day, O my soul! Lose thy little heart in the greater heart of our common humanity!

In that way shalt thou find the way, the way stretching straight and smooth into the very heart of the Eternal.

O, Thou unsearchable Heart of the Eternal, in Thy presence alone and in the love which is in Thee, can this heart of mine live with any joy, or move with any wisdom, or have its being with any peace. Only by becoming one with Thy Sacred Heart can I ever be at one within myself!

Come, O my soul, come with all thy brethren of the common life, and together make thy common round in the knowledge of that larger Presence! Come!

TRANSFIGURATION.

In the Eternal thou shalt behold beauty, O my soul, ever more and more of beauty. But without that Eternal Presence thy life shall stretch ugly before thee, uglier and uglier in every prospect.

The very winds go sighing through the trees. The morning chant of the birds strikes discordantly upon thine ears; and their evensong sounds doleful.

See, the mountains appear grim and forbidding in thy sight, the plains arid, sun-parched, the seas threatening, the stars afar off and faint-shining.

Even thy fellowmen seem all indifferent toward thee, as they pass on the street, or hostile, seeming to snarl as they go on their way.

Whether it be man or beast thou encounterest in the way, every creature appears menacing in thy beclouded eyes.

Such ugliness, all about thee! Whether thou goest up or down, in or out, whether thou turnest to the right or to the left, 'tis the same ugliness!

Ah, it is thyself that hast an ugly spirit within thee, O my soul! Thou art darkened within thee, discordant, stormy, predatory.

It is therefore that the whole world looks dark, all its notes sound inharmonious, all its creatures appear hostile before thee, and threatening to do thee hurt.

Renew a right spirit within me this day, O my soul, even the spirit of harmony, of beauty, of love which is eternal.

Then the world shall once more stretch beautiful before thee. The beauty of the hills shall be thine then. The valleys shall invite thee to walk beside their quiet waters.

Then, when the days break upon thee, thou shalt awake and with secret understanding share in the joy of the bird's morning carol.

When night comes upon thee and darkness is about to cover thee, thou shalt lie down to rest, happy, confident of a glorious morrow; understanding life and finding it very beautiful.

And other men? Once thou hast entered into the Eternal Presence, they too shall appear beautiful in thy sight.

They shall appear no longer as cowardly, cunning creatures, each as if with some deadly weapon concealed behind his back, or some tooth and fang and claw exposed, ready to prey upon thee, his own kin!

Nay, all men shall appear noble in thy sight then: beautiful in spirit; each going his way uprightly; each, as he passes by, seeming ready to pause with hand outstretched in friendly greeting.

Do all men seem to smile upon thee as thou passest by? This is their quick response to the beauty they see smiling from thine own spirit-face!

Do they make music? It is their way of answering the eternal song which is singing in thine own heart!

Yes, life stretches beautifully before thee, O my soul, now thou hast found and entered into the spirit of beauty which is eternal.

ASCENSION.

This death of the body, is it not in the natural order of things in the physical universe? Behold the flowers of the field! They bloom for a brief season and then wither away.

The birds of the air, they ascend for their last flight, then descend to fold their wings and find peace in their nest, even the peace of death.

So it is with the beasts of the forest. When their time is come, they seek out some quiet, secluded spot, make their last lair and lay them down there to die; unafraid, they, and unashamed.

Yea, the very stars in their courses, though they glow for centuries and centuries, lose their radiance at last; they grow cold and crumble away into cosmic ashes.

What is man that he should think to escape this common destiny of all earthly things, or the son of man that he should resent this final blow of fate called death?

And what is this body, that he, a living soul, should set such store by it and long to keep it by him forever?

Though but a frail thing of clay, in the very midst of this world's follies it has disciplined thee and taught thee wisdom; thou hast learned to put away from thee all selfish desires and put on that perfect love which is eternal.

Thinkest thou that in the hour of thy spirit's departure all these beautiful passions shall die out of thee—justice go out of thee, wisdom be darkened in death, love be buried alongside of thy body in its grave?

Nay, not so, not so, O my soul! Thy strength cometh not from the earth without thee, but from the spirit within. In that spirit shalt thou go on from strength to strength.

Be sure thy now earthbound spirit, once it is quitted of this body, no longer shut in and held back by its encasement of clay, shall ascend freely and swiftly into the life of the Eternal!

Be sure thy spirit shall go on ascending higher by the same aspirations, enacting with still deeper passion the same purposes of justice, fulfilling still more joyfully the same spirit of love wherewith thou hast been animated!

Lo, this spirit of ascension is within thee! And behold, it is none other than the spirit of joy, justice, wisdom, love, already immortal in thee!

This thing is certain and that my soul knoweth right well: Spirit ruleth and rises above Matter in this universe!

The World-Soul cometh into its own at last in souls called human. Bodily parts, sun, moon and stars together, they are but instruments, lowly impermanent instruments of a Most High on this earth.

For thee there shall be no dissolution, for thee no death. Enter thou fully and freely into that spirit of ascension in which thou hast been living and moving and finding thy life! Arise, on wings of thy spirit arise!

Go forth, rising above and beyond all bounds of space and time, into the boundless presence of the Eternal!

DEEP SEARCHING OF HEART.

It is not enough, O my soul, to keep thyself outwardly clean, outwardly clean in body, outwardly clean in mind, before all the world, to be seen of men.

Except thou be inwardly pure, inwardly secure, thou art not yet sure of thyself.

It is not enough to keep thyself outwardly patient with thy friends, outwardly patient with their faults, outwardly patient under their betrayals, if it come to that.

Except thou keep thyself inwardly filled with a perfect understanding of their faults, with a spirit of perfect forgiveness of their betrayings, a spirit overflowing thee into the spirit of thy friends, thou art not yet sure of thyself.

It is not enough that thou be outwardly cheerful in the presence of thy loved one—outwardly, whilst inwardly unhappy.

Except thou continue in a great inward joy, sure, constant, eternal, a joy forever overflowing thy heart into the heart of thy loved one, thou art not yet certain of thyself, not yet worthy of this great love, not yet sure of the Eternal.

It is not enough that thou tellest no lie with thine outward lips, O my soul. Is there a lie in thy heart? Though living no outward lie, is thy secret life itself false? It is not enough, O my soul!

Except thou face the thing thou art in thy secret places, and change to beauty the ugly thing that is there, thou art not sure of thyself.

It is not enough, O my soul, that thou rob no other man of his worldly goods; not enough that thou do no murder.

Except thou cleanse thyself of all secret hatred, except thou cast forth from thy heart every envying of thy brother his outward goods, every desiring of his outward pomps, every coveting of his outward comforts, thou art not yet sure of thyself.

It is not enough that thou proclaim peace and good will among all the nations of the world, and pray for the balancing weight of justice and love to come on an international scale.

Thou canst not yet feel sure of thyself, if thine own members are still warring amongst themselves; if thou art still a spirit of dissension in thine own home, among thy close friends, in thine own near neighborhood.

It is not enough, O my soul, to live outwardly fair and without blemish, outwardly clean, and pure and peaceful.

Cleanse Thou me of all secret faults, O Eternal,—all hatred, all covetousness, all false pride, all crookedness in hidden places. Fill me with Thy spirit of patience, joy, truth, purity, love, and I shall be sure of my soul at last.

In that day thou shalt stand as in the presence of the Eternal, thy self straightened, holy, clean, unashamed!

What greater inward joy, what greater inward peace can any man ask of life than this—this final union of his own clean heart with the secret heart of the Eternal?

For in Thee, O Eternal, is no hidden thing, no ugliness of spirit nor any hatred, neither any variableness nor shadow of turning,

But only beauty, constancy, truth, and love always, in thine inward parts forever.

THOUGH ALL ELSE CHANGES.

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes;

But know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment. Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh.

Remember also thy Creator in the days of thy youth, before the evil days come, and the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say: I have no pleasure in them.

Before the sun, and the light, and the moon, and the stars, are darkened, and the clouds return after the rain;

In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few;

And they that look out of the windows shall be darkened; and the doors shall be shut in the street;

When the sound of the grinding is low, and one shall rise up at the voice of a bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low;

Yea, they shall be afraid of that which is high, and terrors shall be in the way;

And the almond tree shall blossom, and the grasshopper shall drag itself along, and desire shall fail;

Because man goeth to his everlasting home, and the mourners shall go about in the streets:

Before the silver cord is loosed, or the golden bowl is broken, or the pitcher is broken at the fountain, or the wheel

broken at the cistern;

And the dust returneth to the earth as it was, and the spirit returneth unto God who gave it.

For everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven: a time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;

A time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up; a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance;

A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing; a time to seek, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away;

A time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak; a time to love, and a time to hate; a time for war, and a time for peace.

God hath made everything beautiful in its time; also he hath set eternity in man's heart.

I know that there is nothing better for them, than to rejoice, and to do good as long as they live.

WISE AND GOOD LEADERS.

A wise judge will instruct his people; and the government of a man of understanding shall be well ordered.

As is the judge of his people, so are his ministers; and as the ruler of a city, such are all they that dwell therein.

An uninstructed king will destroy his people; and a city will be established through the understanding of the powerful.

In the hand of God is the prosperity of the earth, and in due time he will raise up over it one that is profitable.

Sovereignty is transferred from nation to nation, because of iniquities, and deeds of violence, and greed of money.

God cast down the thrones of rulers, and set the meek in their stead; he plucked up the roots of nations, and planted the lowly in their place.

The wisdom of the lowly shall lift up his head, and make him to sit in the midst of great men.

Great men, and judges, and potentates, shall be glorified; yet there is not one of them that is greater than he that loveth God.

Let us now praise famous men, by whom God hath wrought great glory: such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, and gave counsel by their understanding:

Leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their understanding men of learning for the people.

Wise were their words in their instructions; men richly furnished with ability, living peaceably in their habitations.

All these were honored in their generations, and were a glory in their days; there be of them that have left a name behind them, to declare their praise.

And some there be, who have no memorial; who have perished as though they had not been, and are become as though they had not been born.

But these were men of mercy, whose righteous deeds have not been forgotten; with their seed shall remain continually a good inheritance.

Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth to all generations; for the memorial of virtue is immortal, because it is known with God and men.

When it is present, men take example of it; and when it is gone, they desire it.

And throughout all time it marcheth crowned with triumph, victorious in the strife for the prizes that are undefiled.

Therefore will the people tell of their wisdom, and the congregation show forth their praise.

VIRTUES AND SINS OF THE TONGUE.

Be not called a whisperer; and lie not in wait with thy tongue; for there is an evil condemnation upon him that hath a double tongue: for he hath destroyed many that were at peace.

Many have fallen by the edge of the sword, yet not so many as they that have fallen because of the tongue.

A third person's tongue hath shaken many, and dispersed them from nation to nation; and it hath pulled down strong cities, and overthrown the houses of great men.

A third person's tongue hath cast out brave women, and deprived them of their labors; he that hearkeneth unto it shall not find rest.

The stroke of a whip maketh a mark in the flesh, but the stroke of a tongue will break bones.

Happy is he that is sheltered from it, that hath not passed through the wrath thereof; that hath not drawn its yoke, and hath not been bound with its bands.

There is that speaketh rashly like the piercing of a sword, but the tongue of the wise is health, and a gentle tongue is a tree of life.

He that goeth about as a talebearer revealeth secrets; but he that is of a faithful spirit concealeth a matter.

In the transgression of the lips is an evil snare; he that uttereth truth sheweth forth righteousness; but a false witness, deceit.

Bread of falsehood is sweet to a man; but afterwards his mouth shall be filled with gravel.

A worthless man deviseth mischief, and in his lips is a

scorching fire; but pleasant words are as a honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones.

The heart of the righteous studieth to answer; but the mouth of the wicked poureth out evil things.

Better is a dry morsel, and quietness therewith, than a house full of feasting with strife.

Better is a dinner of herbs, where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.

A wrathful man stirreth up contention; but he that is slow to anger appeaseth strife: a soft answer turneth away wrath.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.

The tongue of the righteous is as choice silver; the lips of the righteous know what is acceptable; but the mouth of the wicked speaketh perverseness.

With his mouth the godless man destroyeth his neighbor; by the blessing of the upright the city is exalted, but it is overthrown by the mouth of the wicked.

THE RIGHTEOUS LIFE.

Homage to thee, O Great God, thou Lord of Truth and Righteousness. I have come to thee, O my God, yea hither have I brought myself that I may even behold thine exceeding beauty.

In truth I have come to thee, and I have brought with me righteousness and truth unto thee, and I have myself destroyed all wickedness in myself for thy sake.

Lo, I have done no ill unto any fellows of my kind. I have not oppressed the persons of my family. I have given no one occasion for tears or sorrow.

I have not caused pain to visit any living man. I have made no one to suffer the pangs of hunger. I have done no injury to any man.

I have done no murder. I have not given commandment that murder be done in my stead. I have not visited mankind with torments.

I have not had dealings with the wicked. I have not willed to do iniquity. I have not wrought evil in the room of righteousness and truth.

I have not stopped my ears to the words of righteousness and truth. I have not scornfully entreated men of low estate. I have not thought deceit, nor wrought iniquity.

I have uttered no falsehood. I have had no part in any unfair dealing. I have not robbed. I have not wrought with cunning deceit.

I have not increased my wealth, save with such things as were mine own. I have not added to the weight of the scales to defraud. I have not defrauded of his substance the oppressed.

I have not made it the chief desire of every day that

overmuch labor be wrought for my sake. I have not eaten my heart out with covetousness.

I have not behaved myself unseemly or with insolence. I have not striven to bring forward my name for exaltation and honor. I have not lifted up my voice in a haughty spirit.

I have not over-much multiplied speech. I have not mischievously inquired into other men's matters. I have uttered no words of ill omen.

I have not given myself over to hasty judgment. I have not been a stirrer up of strife. I have not given way to wrath in mine own cause.

I have not been a man of wrath. I have laid hands on no man violently. I have not caused any man to be afraid, nor made increase of fear.

I have not defiled my body, or that of any living creature. I have not wrought uncleanness in body or in mind.

I have not quenched a fire that is a light unto men. I have not resisted God in any of his manifestations. I have not done aught that is abominable in the sight of God.

PROPHETIC VISION.

The world is growing still as once it grew from Chaos and from Night; through many an age has raised the vision of a future time that stands an Angel with a face all mild spearing the demon.

The earth yields nothing more divine than high prophetic vision—than the Seer who fasting from man's meaner joy, beholds the path of beauteous order, and constructs a fairer type, to shame our low content.

I rest in faith that man's perfection is the crowning flower toward which the urgent sap in Life's great tree is pressing—

Seen in puny blossoms now, but in the world's great morrows to expand with broadest petal and with deepest glow.

The faith that life on earth is being shaped to glorious ends, that order, justice, love, mean man's completeness, mean effect as sure as roundness in the dew-drop—

That great faith is but the rushing and expanding stream of thought, of feeling, fed by all the past.

Our finest hope is finest memory, and they who love in age think youth is blest because it has a life to fill with love.

Full souls are double mirrors, making still an endless vista of fair things before, repeating things behind:

So faith is strong only when we are strong, shrinks when we shrink.

It comes when music stirs us, and the chords moving on some grand climax shake our souls with influx new that makes new energies.

It comes in swellings of the heart, and tears that rise at

noble and at gentle deeds—

At labors of the master-artist's hand which, trembling, touches to a finer end, trembling before an image seen within.

It comes in moments of heroic love, unjealous joy in joy not made for us—in conscious triumph of the good within making us worship goodness that rebukes.

Even our failures are a prophecy, even our yearnings and our bitter tears after the fair and true we cannot grasp;

As patriots who seem to die in vain make liberty more sacred by their pangs.

Presentiment of better things on earth sweeps in with every force that stirs our souls to admiration, self-renouncing love, or thoughts, like light, that bind the world in one,—

Sweeps like the sense of vastness, when at night we hear the roll and dash of waves that break nearer and nearer with the rushing tide,

Which rises to the level of the cliff because the wide Atlantic rolls behind, throbbing respondent to the far-off orbs.

MAN AND NATURE.

By a marvelous cosmic incident, our little planet has broken forth into a strange and beautiful efflorescence. We rise from the world on this variegated jet of organic life, to fall back again to our true life, by whatever unknown ways and under whatever changes of form;

Conscious, it may be; but, as before birth, no longer with any self to be conscious of, no longer organic.

The old dispute for supremacy between mind and matter no longer has any significance. Both matter and mind are in the end equally unknown: *exeunt in mysterium*.

We realize that the structure of the world is indeed built most gloriously on the immense pillars of Hunger and Love, and we will not seek to deny its foundations.

Our supreme business in life—not as we made it, but as it was made for us when the world began—is to carry and pass on as we received it, or better, the sacred lamp of organic being we bear within us.

The rest is what we will, play, art, consolation—in one word, religion.

Religion is the sum of the unfettered expansive impulses of our being.

It is the infinite for which we hunger, and we ride gladly on every little wave that promises to bear us toward it.

Religion is the stretching forth of our hands toward the illimitable.

Some sight or sound of nature may strike upon the soul, and liberate it at once from the bonds of commonplace actuality.

A man takes sides with religion, or with science, or with morals; oftener he spends the brief moments of his existence in self-preservation, fighting now on one side, now on the other.

But for a little while we are allowed to enter the house of life and to gather around its fire.

Why pull each other's hair and pinch each other's arms like naughty children?

Well would it be to warm ourselves at the fire together, to clasp hands, to gain all that comes of comradeship, before we are called out, each of us, into the dark, alone.

In the moral world we are ourselves the light-bearers, and the cosmic process is in us made flesh.

For a brief space it is granted us, if we will, to enlighten the darkness which surrounds our path.

As in the ancient torch race, we press forward torch in hand along the course. Soon from behind comes the runner who will outpace us.

All our skill lies in giving into his hand the living torch, bright and unflickering, as we ourselves disappear into the darkness.

SELF-RELIANCE.

Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string. These are the voices we hear in solitude, but they grow faint and inaudible as we enter into the world.

Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members.

Society is a joint-stock company, in which the members agree, for the better securing of his bread to each shareholder, to surrender the liberty and culture of the eater.

The virtue in most request is conformity. Self-reliance is its aversion. It loves not realities and creators, but names and customs.

Whoso would be a man, must be a non-conformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness.

Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind. What I must do is all that concerns me, not what people think. This rule may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness.

It is the harder because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinions; it is easy in solitude to live after one's own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

For non-conformity the world whips you with its displeasure. And therefore a man must know how to estimate a sour face.

The sour faces of the multitude, like their sweet faces, have no deep cause, but are put on and off as the wind blows and a newspaper directs.

Let a man know his worth, and keep things under his feet. Let him not peep or steal, or skulk up and down with the air of an interloper in the world which exists for him.

Man is timid and apologetic; he dares not say: I think, I am, but quotes some saint or sage. He is ashamed before the blade of grass or the blowing rose.

These roses under my window make no reference to former roses or to better ones; they are for what they are; they exist with God today.

But man postpones or remembers; he does not live in the present, but laments the past, or, heedless of the riches that surround him, stands on tiptoe to forsee the future.

He cannot be happy and strong until he too lives with nature in the present, above time. Life only avails, not the having lived.

I see not any road of perfect peace which a man can walk, but after the counsel of his own bosom. Nothing can bring you peace but yourself.

Self-trust is the essence of heroism. Do that which is assigned you, and you cannot hope too much or dare too much.

Never strike sail to a fear! Come into port greatly, or sail with God the seas. Not in vain you live, for every passing eye is cheered by the vision.

BUILDERS TOGETHER WITH GOD.

The spirit of the age is saying to its children: Have faith. Make yourself at home. This is your own house.

The laws were made for you, gravitation and the chemical affinities, not you for them. No one can put you out of the house. Stand up; the ceiling is high.

This is eternity—now—you are sunk as deep in it, wrapped as close in it, as you will ever be.

The future is an illusion; it never arrives. It flies before you as you advance. Always it is today; and after a long while it is still today; and after death and a thousand years, it is today.

You have great deeds to perform, and you must do them now. Civilization grows senile; but the soul is always young.

Witness stoutly for the soul, and you shall ever renew the youth of the world.

The desire and passion of God is to beget souls of men through the long-birth process and the eons of nature;

Souls that shall be separate from his soul, and that shall stand over against him, so that he can look upon them, and be not alone.

God could not make a free soul: the soul must claim its own liberty and life;

So we must say that the free spirit of man is not made by God, but begotten of Him.

Have you imagined that the end of your life is to be absorbed back into the life of God, and to flee the earth and forget all?

Or do you want to walk on the air or fly on wings, or build a heavenly city in the clouds?

Come, let us take our kit on our shoulders, and go out and build the city *here*. The name of the hour is Opportunity.

The hearts of the people everywhere are aglow with expectation for the coming of justice and beauty upon the earth.

But what of that? It is not by expectation that the idea becomes a Fact—that miracle is wrought by faith.

It is by faith that a man gives body to a shadow, and existence to that which otherwise would not have been.

It is not settled what kind of a century this new era shall be—God, I think, has not decided, and will not decide.

It is not decided whether the City of the Soul shall rise now, or after a while. God was always ready and waiting. He has waited a long time.

There is no Destiny—there is only Opportunity, and an infinite waiting for the coming of the poets and artists who shall rejoice in Life on any terms,

Hearing the singing in the heart of God, and sending back a brave antiphonal, across all the deserts and wildernesses of the world.

OVER SELF VICTORIOUS.

One's own self conquered is better than all other people; not even a god could change into defeat the victory of a man who has vanquished himself, and lives under restraint.

If a man has lived a hundred years vicious and unrestrained, a life of one day is better if a man is virtuous and reflecting.

He who lives looking for pleasure only, his senses uncontrolled, immoderate in his food, idle, and weak, the tempter will certainly overthrow him, as the wind throws down a weak tree.

He who lives without looking for pleasures, his senses well controlled, moderate in his food, faithful and strong, him the tempter will certainly not overthrow, any more than the wind throws down a rocky mountain.

Though a man recite a hundred poems made up of senseless words, one word of the law is better, which if a man hears, he becomes quiet.

If one man conquer in a battle a thousand times thousand men, and if another conquer himself, he is the greatest of conquerors.

He who holds back rising anger like a rolling chariot, him I call a real driver; other people are but holding the reins.

Let a man overcome anger by love, let him overcome evil by good; let him overcome the greedy by liberality, the liar by truth.

Beware of bodily anger, and control thy body. Leave the sins of the body and with thy body practice virtue.

Beware of the anger of the tongue, and control thy tongue. Leave the sins of the tongue and practice

virtue with thy tongue.

Beware of the anger of the mind, and control thy mind.
Leave the sins of the mind and practice virtue with thy mind.

The wise who control their body, their tongue, their mind, are indeed well controlled; for there is no fire like passion, no shark like hatred, no snare like folly, no torrent like greed.

The fault of others is easily perceived, but that of one's self is difficult to perceive; a man winnows his neighbor's faults like chaff; but his own faults he hides, as a cheat hides the bad die from the player.

If a man looks after the faults of others and is always inclined to be offended, his own passions will grow, and he is far from the destruction of passions.

If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him, as the wheel follows the foot of the ox which draws the cart.

If a man speaks or acts with a pure thought, happiness follows him, like a shadow that never leaves him.

Let the wise man guard his thoughts, for they are difficult to perceive, very artful, and they rush wherever they list:

Thoughts well-guarded bring happiness.

BEAUTY.

Where shall you seek beauty, and how shall you find her,
unless she herself be your way and your guide?

And how shall you speak of her except she be the
weaver of your speech?

The aggrieved and the injured say, Beauty is kind and
gentle. Like a young mother half-shy of her own glory
she walks among us.

And the passionate say, Nay, beauty is a thing of
might and dread. Like the tempest she shakes the
earth beneath us and the sky above us.

The tired and the weary say, Beauty is of soft whisperings.
She speaks in our spirit. Her voice yields to our silences
like a faint light that quivers in fear of the shadow.

But the restless say, We have heard her shouting
among the mountains, and with her cries came the
sound of hoofs, and the beating of wings and the roar-
ing of lions.

At night the watchmen of the city say, Beauty shall arise
with the dawn from the east.

And at noontide the toilers and the wayfarers say,
We have seen her leaning over the earth from the
windows of the sunset.

In winter say the snow-bound, She shall come with the
spring leaping upon the hills.

And in the summer heat the reapers say, We have seen
her dancing with the autumn leaves, and we saw a
drift of snow in her hair.

All these things have you said of beauty, yet in truth you
spoke not of her, but of needs unsatisfied; and beauty is

not a need but an ecstasy.

It is not a mouth thirsting nor an empty hand stretched forth, but rather a heart enflamed and a soul enchanted.

It is not the image you would see nor the song you would hear,

But rather an image you see though you close your eyes, and a song you hear though you shut your ears.

It is not the sap within the furrowed bark, nor a wing attached to a claw,

But rather a garden forever in bloom, and a flock of angels forever in flight.

Beauty is life when life unveils her holy face. But you are life and you are the veil.

Beauty is eternity gazing at itself in a mirror. But you are eternity and you are the mirror.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.

It is when your spirit goes wandering upon the wind, that you, alone and unguarded, commit a wrong unto others and therefore unto yourself.

And for that wrong committed must you knock and wait a while unheeded at the gate of the blessed.

Often I have heard you speak of one who commits a wrong as though he were not one of you, but a stranger unto you and an intruder upon your world.

But I say that even as the holy and the righteous cannot rise beyond the highest which is in each of you, so the wicked and the weak cannot fall lower than the lowest that is in you also.

And as a single leaf turns not yellow but with the silent knowledge of the whole tree, so the wrong-doer cannot do wrong without the hidden will of you all.

Like a procession you walk together towards your god-self. You are the way and the wayfarers.

And when one of you falls down he falls for those behind him, a caution against the stumbling stone.

Ay, and he falls for those ahead of him, who, though faster and surer of foot, yet removed not the stumbling stone.

And this also, though the word lie heavy upon your hearts: The murdered is not unaccountable for his own murder, and the robbed is not blameless in being robbed.

The righteous is not innocent of the deeds of the wicked, and the white-handed is not clean in the doings of the felon.

Yes, the guilty is oftimes the victim of the injured.

And still more often the condemned is the burden-bearer for the guiltless and unblamed.

You cannot separate the just from the unjust and the good from the wicked;

For they stand together before the face of the sun even as the black thread and the white are woven together.

And when the black thread breaks, the weaver shall look into the whole cloth, and he shall examine the loom also.

And if any of you would punish in the name of righteousness and lay the axe unto the evil tree, let him see to its roots;

And verily he will find the roots of the good and the bad, the fruitful and the fruitless, all entwined together in the silent heart of the earth.

And you who would understand justice, how shall you unless you look upon all deeds in the fullness of light?

MOTHERHOOD.

Motherhood civilized! There stands at last, facing the heavens with as calm a smile, the highest fruit of the long work of God; the highest type of this, the highest race;

She from whose groping instinct grew all love—all love—in which is all the life of man.

Motherhood, seeing with her clear kind eyes, luminous tender eyes, wherein the smile is like the smile of sunlight on the sea—

That the new children of the newer day need more than any single heart can give, more than is known to any single mind, more than is found in any single house, and need it from the day they see the light;

Then, measuring her love by what they need, gives from the heart of modern motherhood;

Gives first, as tree to bear God's highest fruit, a clear, strong body, perfect and full grown, fair with the purpose of its womanhood;

Gives a clear mind, athletic, beautiful, dispassionate, unswerving from the truth;

Gives a great heart that throbs with human love as she would wish her son to love the world.

Then when the child comes lovely as a star, she in the grace of primal motherhood nurses her baby with unceasing joy, with milk of human kindness, human health, bright human beauty, and immortal love.

And then? Ah! here is the New Motherhood, the motherhood of the fair new-made world—O glorious New Mother of New Men!

Her child, with other children from its birth in the

unstinted freedom of warm air, under the wisest eyes, the tenderest thought, surrounded by all beauty, and all peace,—

Led, playing through the garden of the world with the crowned heads of science and great love mapping safe paths for those small rosy feet—

Taught human love by feeling human love; taught justice by the laws that rule his days; taught wisdom by the way in which he lives;

Taught to love all mankind, and serve them fair, by seeing from his birth all children served with the same righteous, all-embracing care.

O Mother, Noble Mother yet to come! How shall thy child point to the bright career of her of whom he boasts to be the son—

Not for the service spent on him, but for the wisdom which has sent him forth a clear-brained, pure-souled, noble-hearted man, with health, and strength and beauty his by birth;

And more for the wide record of her life, great work well done, that makes him praise her name and long to make as great a one his own!

And how shall all the children of the world, feeling all Mothers love them, loving all, rise up and call her blessed! This shall be.

THE NATIVITY.

Now it came to pass in those days that there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be enrolled; and all went to enroll themselves, everyone to his own city.

And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem, to enroll himself with Mary.

And it came to pass, that while they were there, the days were fulfilled that she should be delivered.

And she brought forth her firstborn son; and wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, behold, Wise-men from the East came to Jerusalem saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we saw his star in the East, and are come to worship him.

And when Herod the King heard it, he was troubled; and gathering together all the chief priests and scribes of the people, he inquired of them where the Christ should be born. And they said, In Bethlehem of Judea.

Then Herod privily called the Wise-men and sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search out exactly concerning the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word, that I may come and worship him.

And they went their way, and lo, the star which they saw in the East went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. And when they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

And they came into the house, and saw the young child with Mary his mother; and they fell down and worshipped him; and opening their treasures they offered him gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh.

And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their country another way.

And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the fields, and keeping watch by night over their flock.

And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people: for there is born to you this day in the city of David a Savior, who is Christ the Lord.

And this is a sign unto you: Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace among men.

And it came to pass when the angels went away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing that has come to pass.

And they came with haste, and found both Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in the manger. And when they saw it, they made known the saying which was spoken to them about the child.

And all that heard it wondered at the things which were spoken unto them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these sayings, pondering them in her heart.

WOMAN'S ROAD.

Since those dim cycles far before recorded time the
 Woman's hand and back and body have been made to bear
 a goodly brunt.

So patient she has been—so toilsome, and so unintel-
 ligent in toil—so bound to fossiled lines—so selfishly
 unselfish—and so good!

Divinely foolish and heroic Mother of the World—the
 world kneels down before your shrine,

Then quietly goes out and sells you into chains to feed
 its pampered and most bestial appetites.

For centuries Society has fed its life from toil of slaves in
 field, or home, or shop;

For centuries Society has waged its wars with no more
 reverence for human stock than for a bruised and
 broken weed.

For centuries the Rich have wasted wealth, the Poor have
 wasted time,

The Ignorant have wasted the achievements of the
 Wise;

And Woman—she, of all God's creatures—has been wasted
 most!

Nor yet have we outgrown this sacrilegious desecra-
 tion of the God in Man.

The Common Good expands from single worthiness:

Till Woman learns how best to serve herself, Society
 will be enchained.

More brains the woman needs, to comprehend true values
 where the shifting calcium lights of sham opinion play;

She needs the Will to strengthen her to stand serene
amid the phantasies and frauds.

She needs the Wit to build the Cosmic whole from parts
incongruous:

To open windows in the mind through which the
Light of the Divine Intelligence may gleam—but
never deem mere knowledge all in all.

Until mankind grows reverent of its own divinity, sublime
creative forces will be subject to caprice,

And unloved youth will suffer and will sin, uncon-
scious of the beating of the Spirit's wings.

Life grows to God through slow development of God in
Man:

So only love akin to God's should dare create a child,
and only love should nurture it.

A PSALM OF GRATITUDE.

I believe in the hands that work; in the brains that think;
in the hearts that love.

I am thankful for the blessed light of this day, and I
am thankful for all the days that have gone before.

I thank the thinkers, the publishers, the inventors, the
poets, the singers, the painters, the sculptors and the bus-
inessmen, who have lived and are living.

I thank Immanuel Kant, who was never more than
ten miles from his home, for luring the world to his
door.

I thank Pericles and Phidias, who made the most beautiful
city the world has ever seen, and were repaid with perse-
cution and death.

I thank Emerson for brooking the displeasure of his
Alma Mater.

I thank Aristotle, the mountain-guide and schoolteacher,
who knew how to set bad boys to work.

I thank Jamie Watt, the Scotch boy who watched his
mother's teakettle to a purpose.

I thank Volta and Galvani, who fixed their names, as did
Watt, in the science that lightens labor and carries the
burdens that once bowed human backs.

I thank Benjamin Franklin for his spirit of mirth, his
persistency, his patience, his commonsense.

I thank Alexander Humboldt and his brother, William
Humboldt—those great brothers twain, who knew that
life is opportunity.

I thank Shakespeare for running away from Stratford
and holding horses at a theatre—but not forever.

I thank Arkwright, Hargreaves and Crompton, from whose brains leaped the looms that weave with tireless hands the weft and warp that human bodies wear.

I thank Thomas Jefferson for writing the Declaration of Independence, for founding a public school system, for dreaming of a college where girls and boys would study, learn and work in joy.

I thank Benedict Spinoza, gardener, lens-maker, scientist, humanist, for being true to the dictates of the tides of divinity that played through his soul.

I thank Charles Darwin and Herbert Spencer for liberating theology from superstition.

I thank Tyndall the Irishman, Draper the American, Herschel the German, Bjornsen the Scandinavian, and Adam Smith the Scotchman, for inspiration and help untold.

These men, and others like them, their names less known, have made the world a fit dwelling-place for liberty. Their graves are mounds from which flares Freedom's torch.

And I thank and praise, too, the simple, honest, unpretentious millions who have worked, struggled, toiled, carrying heavy burdens, often paid in ingratitude, spurned, misunderstood—who still worked on and succeeded, or failed, robbed of recognition and the results of their toil.

To all these who sleep in forgotten graves, my heart goes out in gratitude over the years and the centuries and the ages that have passed.

FREEDOM OF THOUGHT.

The history of man is the history of slavery, of injustice and brutality, together with the means by which he has slowly and painfully advanced. Hypocrisy and tyranny have fed upon the liberties of men.

From these there has been, and is, but one means of escape—intellectual development. There is no slavery but ignorance; liberty is the child of intelligence.

Every man should stand under the blue and stars, under the infinite flag of nature, the peer of every other man.

The man who does not do his own thinking is a slave, and a traitor to himself and to his fellowmen.

Let us thank every good and noble man who stood so grandly, so proudly, in spite of opposition, of hatred and death, for what he believed to be the truth.

As man develops, he places greater value upon his own rights: liberty becomes a grander and diviner thing. As he values his own rights, he begins to value the rights of others.

Give every other human being every right you claim for yourself. Receive new thoughts with hospitality. Let us advance!

Down with the idea that thought is dangerous! Let us resent with indignation every effort to put a chain upon our minds.

Superstition is the child of slavery; free thought will give us truth. When all have the right to think and to express their thoughts, every brain will give to all the best it has.

There has never been upon the earth a generation of free men and women; it is not yet time to write a creed—wait until the chains are broken.

Wait until solemnity is not mistaken for wisdom—until mental cowardice ceases to be known as reverence.

Wait until what we know can be spoken without regard for what others may believe.

Wait until the living are considered the equals of the dead—until the cradle takes precedence of the coffin.

Wait until teachers take the place of preachers—until followers become investigators.

Wait until the world is free before you write a creed. In this creed there will be but one word—Liberty.

O Liberty, float not forever on the far horizon—remain not forever in the dream of the enthusiast, the philanthropist and poet, but come and make thy home among the children of men!

In thy vast and unvalled temple, beneath the roofless dome, star-gemmed and luminous with suns, thy worshippers stand erect; they do not cringe or crawl;

At thy sacred shrine Hypocrisy does not bow, Fear does not crouch; but Reason holds aloft her extinguishable torch, while on the ever-broadening brow of Science falls the ever-coming morning of the ever-better day.

THESE THINGS SHALL BE.

Prepare ye in the wilderness the way of the Eternal; make level in the desert a highway for our God.

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places a plain.

And the glory of our God shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together, for the mouth of the Eternal hath spoken it.

The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose; it shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing.

Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees. Say to them that are of a fearful heart: Be strong! Fear not! Behold, your God will come with recompense; he will come and save you.

Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped.

Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing;

For in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water.

And a highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the Way of Holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for the redeemed: the wayfaring men, even fools, shall not err therein.

No lion shall be there, nor shall any ravenous beast go up thereon; they shall not be found there;

But the redeemed shall walk there, and the ransomed of our God shall return, and come with singing;

And everlasting joy shall be upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

There shall be no more thence an infant of days, nor an old man that hath not filled his days.

And they shall build houses and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and eat the fruit of them.

They shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant, and another eat.

They shall not labor in vain, nor bring forth for calamity; for they are the blessed sons of God, yea, and their children with them.

And the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.

And they shall not hurt nor destroy in all God's holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of God, as the waters cover the sea.

THE MARTYRED SERVANT OF GOD.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth glad tidings of good;

That publisheth salvation, that saith unto the people,
Thy God reigneth!

The spirit of God is upon him; because he hath anointed him to preach good tidings unto the poor;

He hath sent him to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty unto the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound;

To proclaim the acceptable year of God, and the day of the visitation of the Most High;

To comfort all that mourn, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places, for God hath comforted his people; and all the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

Behold, God's servant shall deal wisely, he shall be exalted and lifted up, and shall be very high.

His visage was so marred from that of other men, and his form more than the sons of men; yet shall he startle many nations;

Kings shall be put to silence before him: for that which had not been told them shall they see; and that which they have not heard shall they understand.

For he grew up before God as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form or comeliness that we should look upon him, nor beauty that we should de-

sire him.

He was despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and as one from whom men hide their face, he was despised; and we esteemed him not.

Surely it was our griefs that he bare, and our sorrows that he carried; while we accounted him stricken, afflicted and smitten—by God!

But he was wounded through our transgressions; he was bruised by our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and upon him was made to fall the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, yet when he was afflicted he opened not his mouth; as a lamb that before its shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.

As for his generation, who among them considered that he was cut off out of the land of the living for the transgressions of the people to whom the stroke was due?

So they made his grave with the wicked, his death like that of an oppressor; although he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

THE BLESSED LIFE.

Blessed are those who feel their spiritual need, for the Realm of Heaven belongs to them.

Blessed are the mourners, for they will be consoled.

Blessed are the humble-minded, for they will possess the earth.

Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for goodness, for they will be satisfied.

Blessed are the merciful, for they will find mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they will see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers, for they will be called the children of God.

Blessed are those who endure persecution for the sake of goodness, for the Realm of Heaven belongs to them.

You have heard the saying, You must love your neighbor and hate your enemy. But I tell you, Love your enemies, so that you may show yourselves true sons of your Father, for he makes his sun rise on good and bad alike.

For if you love only those who love you, what is there remarkable in that? Do not the very heathen do that? You must be perfect as your heavenly Father is.

When you pray, you must not be like the hypocrites, for they like to pray so as to be seen by men; I tell you truly, that is the only reward they will get!

But when you pray, go into your room and shut the door, and pray to your Father who is unseen, and your Father who sees what is secret will reward you.

Do not store up riches on earth, where moth and rust

destroy, and where thieves break in and steal; but store up your riches in heaven, where moth and rust cannot destroy them, and where thieves cannot break in and steal.

For where your treasure is, your heart will be also. No one can serve two masters; he will either hate one and love the other, or stand by one and despise the other:—you cannot serve God and money.

Therefore, I tell you, do not trouble about what you are to eat and drink, nor about what you are to wear on your body; surely life means more than food, and the body more than clothes!

Your heavenly Father knows quite well your needs. Make his Realm, and uprightness before him, your greatest care, and you will have all these other things besides.

Judge not, that you may not be judged yourselves; for as you judge, so will you be judged, and the measure you deal out to others will be dealt out to yourself.

You must always treat other people as you would like to have them treat you; this sums up the Law and the Prophets.

THE DISCOVERY OF WISDOM.

Surely there is a mine for silver, and a place for gold which they refine. Iron is taken out of the earth, and copper is molten out of the stone.

Man setteth an end to darkness, and searcheth out, to the farthest bound, the stones of obscurity and thick darkness.

As for the earth, out of it cometh bread; and underneath it is turned up as it were by fire. The stones thereof are the places of sapphires, and it hath dust of gold.

That path no bird of prey knoweth, neither hath the falcon's eye seen it; the proud beasts have not trodden it, nor hath the fierce lion passed thereby.

Man putteth forth his hand upon the flinty rock; he overturneth the mountains by the roots.

He cutteth out channels among the rocks; and his eye seeth every precious thing; the thing that is hid bringeth he forth to light.

But where shall wisdom be found? And where is the place of understanding? Man knoweth not the price thereof; neither is it found in the land of the living.

The deep saith: It is not in me; and the sea saith: It is not with me. It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof.

It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire.

Gold and glass cannot equal it, neither shall it be exchanged for jewels of fine gold.

The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it, neither shall it be valued with pure gold.

No mention shall be made of coral or of crystal: yea, the price of wisdom is above rubies.

Whence then cometh wisdom? And where is the place of understanding? seeing it is hid from the eye of all living, and kept close from the birds of the heavens.

Destruction and Death say: We have heard a rumor thereof with our ears.

God understandeth the way thereof, and he knoweth the place thereof. For he looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heavens.

To make a weight for the wind: yea, he meteth out the waters by measure.

When he made a decree for the rain, and a way for the lightning of the thunder: then did he see it and declare it; he established it, yea, and searched it out.

And unto man he said: Behold, the love of God, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding.

THE RIGHTEOUS CITIZEN.

I delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless also, that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing with joy.

I put on righteousness, and it clothed me. My justice was as a robe and a diadem. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame.

I was a father to the needy: and the cause of him that I knew not I searched out. I brake the jaws of the unrighteous, and plucked the prey out of his teeth.

If I have walked with falsehood, and my foot hath hastened to deceit, let me be weighed in an even balance, that God may know mine integrity.

If my step hath turned out of the way, and my heart walked after mine eyes, and if any spot hath cleaved to my hands:

Then let me sow, and another eat; yea, let the produce of my fields be rooted out.

If I have despised the cause of my man-servant or of my maid-servant, when they contended with me: what then shall I do when God riseth up? And when he visiteth, what shall I answer him?

If I have withheld the poor from their desire, or have caused the eyes of the widow to fail, or have eaten my morsel alone, and the fatherless hath not eaten thereof,

If I have seen any perish from want of clothing, or that the needy had no covering; if he hath not been warmed with the fleece of my sheep;

If I have lifted up my hand against the fatherless because I saw my help in the gate;

If I have made gold my hope, and have said to the fine gold: Thou art my confidence; if I have rejoiced because my wealth was great, and because my hand had gotten much;

If I have beheld the sun when it shined, or the moon walking in brightness, and my heart hath been secretly enticed:

This also were an iniquity to be punished by the judges; for I should have denied the God that is above.

If I have rejoiced at the destruction of him that hated me, or lifted up myself when evil found him (yes, I have not suffered my mouth to sin by asking his life with a curse);

If the men of my tent have not said: Who can find one that hath not been filled with his meat? (The sojourner hath not lodged in the street; but I have opened my doors to the traveller);

If after the manner of men I have covered my transgressions, by hiding mine iniquity in my bosom, because I feared the great multitude, so that I kept silence, and went not out of the door;

If my land crieth out against me, or the furrows thereof weep together; if I have eaten the fruits thereof without money, or caused the owners thereof to lose their life:

Let thistles grow instead of wheat, and noisome weeds instead of barley.

THE ALMIGHTY MYSTERY.

Then the Eternal answered Job out of the whirlwind and said: Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?

Gird up now thy loins like a man; for I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me. Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Declare, if thou hast understanding!

Who determined the measures thereof, if thou knowest? Or who stretched the line upon it? Whereupon were the foundations thereof fastened?

Or who laid the corner-stone thereof, when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of god shouted for joy?

Or who shut up the sea with doors, when it brake forth, as if it had issued out of the womb; when I made clouds the garment thereof, and thick darkness the swaddling-band for it;

And marked out for it my bound, and set bars and doors, and said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed?

Have the gates of death been revealed unto thee? Or hast thou seen the gates of the shadow of death? Hast thou comprehended the earth in its breadth?

Where is the dwelling-place of light? and as for darkness, where is the place thereof, that thou shouldst discern the paths to the house thereof?

Canst thou bind the cluster of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou lead forth the signs of the Zodiac in their season?

Knowest thou the ordinances of the heavens? Canst

thou establish the dominion thereof in the earth?

Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds, that abundance of waters may cover thee? Canst thou send forth lightnings, that they may go, and say unto thee: Here we are?

Who hath cleft a channel for the waterflood, or a way for the lightning of the thunder; to cause it to rain on a land where no man is, to cause the tender grass to spring forth?

Who can number the clouds by wisdom? Or who can pour out the bottles of heaven, when the dust runneth into a mass, and the clods cleave fast together?

Who hath put wisdom in the inward parts? Or who hath given understanding to the mind?

Deck thyself now with excellency and dignity; and array thyself with honor and majesty. Pour forth the overflowings of thine anger; and look upon everyone that is proud, and abase him.

Look on every one that is proud, and bring him low; and tread down the wicked where they stand. Then will I also confess of thee that thine own right hand can save thee.

Then Job answered the Eternal and said: I know that thou canst do all things, and that no purpose of thine can be restrained. Therefore have I uttered that which I understood not, things too wonderful for me, which I knew not.

For I had heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee: wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.

THE INDWELLING GOD.

Here is the message we announce to you: "God is light, and in him there is no darkness."

He who says he is "in the light" and hates his brother, is in darkness still.

He who loves his brother, remains in the light—and in the light there is no pitfall;

But he who hates his brother is in the darkness, he walks in darkness and does not know where he is going, for the darkness has blinded his eyes.

Everyone who practices righteousness is born of Him.

"Born of Him!" Think what a love the Father has for us, in letting us be called "children of God!" This is what we are.

We are children of God now, beloved; what we are to be is not apparent yet.

We know we have crossed from death to life, because we love the brotherhood; he who has no love for his brother remains in death.

Whoever possesses this world's goods, and notices his brother's need, and shuts his heart against him, how can love to God remain in him?

Let us put our love not into words or into talk, but into deeds, and make it real.

If any declares, "I love God," and yet hates his brother, he is a liar.

For he who will not love his brother whom he has seen, cannot possibly love the God whom he has never seen.

This is the message you have learned from the very begin-

ning, that ye are to love one another.

And we get this command from him, that he who loves God is to love his brother as well.

Beloved, let us love one another, for love belongs to God, and everyone who loves is born of God and knows God; he who does not love, does not know God, for God is love.

God no one has ever seen; but if we love one another, then God remains within us, and love for him is complete in us.

This is how we may be sure we remain in him and he in us, because he has given us a share of his own spirit.

God is love, and he who remains in love remains in God, and God remains in him.

THE BEARING OF CROSSES.

Go where thou wilt, seek whatsoever thou wilt, thou shalt not find a higher way above, nor a safer way below, than the way of the holy cross.

Dispose and order all things according to thy will and judgment; yet thou shalt ever find that of necessity thou must suffer somewhat, either willingly or against thy will, and so thou shalt ever find the cross.

For either thou shalt feel pain in the body, or in thy soul shalt thou suffer tribulation.

Sometimes thou shalt be forsaken of God; sometimes thou shalt be troubled by thy neighbors; and what is more, oftentimes thou shalt be wearisome to thyself.

Neither canst thou be delivered or eased by any remedy or comfort; but so long as it pleaseth God, thou must bear it.

For God will have thee learn to suffer tribulation without comfort; and that thou subject thyself wholly to him, and by tribulation become more humble.

No man hath in his heart a sympathy with suffering, so much as he who hath suffered the like himself.

The cross is therefore always ready, and everywhere waits for thee.

Thou canst not escape it whithersoever thou runnest; for wheresoever thou goest thou carriest thyself with thee, and shalt ever find thyself.

Both above and below, without and within, which way soever thou dost turn thee, everywhere thou shalt find the cross; and everywhere of necessity thou must hold fast patience, if thou wilt have inward peace.

If thou bear the cross cheerfully, it will bear thee, and lead thee to the desired end, namely, where there shall be an end of suffering.

If thou bear it unwillingly, thou makest for thyself a burden, and increaseth thy load, which yet notwithstanding thou must bear.

If thou cast away one cross, without doubt thou shalt find another, and that perhaps a more heavy one.

Thinkest thou to escape that which no mortal man could ever avoid? Which of the saints in the world was without crosses and tribulations?

Prepare thyself to bear many adversities and divers kinds of troubles in this life; for so it will be with thee wheresoever thou art, and so surely shalt thou find it, wheresoever thou hide thyself.

So it must be; nor is there any remedy nor means to escape from tribulation and sorrow, but only to endure them.

As long as it is greivous to thee to suffer, and thou desirest to escape, so long shalt thou be ill at ease, and the desire of escaping the tribulation shall follow thee everywhere.

But if thou dost set thyself to that thou oughtest, namely, to suffering and to death, it will quickly be better with thee, and thou shalt find peace.

BEARING WITH THE FAULTS OF OTHERS.

Those things that a man cannot amend in himself or others, he ought to suffer patiently.

Think that perhaps it is better so for thy trial and patience, without which all our good deeds are not much to be esteemed.

If one that is once or twice warned will not give over, contend not with him: but commit all to God, who well knoweth how to turn evil into good.

Endeavor to be patient in bearing with the defects and infirmities of others, of what sort soever they be: for thyself also hast many failings which must be borne with by others.

If thou canst not make thyself such an one as thou wouldst, how canst thou expect to make another in all things to thy liking?

We would willingly have others perfect, and yet we amend not our own faults.

We will have others severely corrected, and will not be corrected ourselves.

The large liberty of others displeases us; and yet we will not have our own desires denied us.

We will have others kept under by strict laws; but in no sort will we ourselves be restrained.

And thus it appeareth how seldom we weigh our neighbor in the same balance with ourselves.

If all men were perfect, what should we have to suffer of our neighbor for the sake of God?

But now God hath thus ordered it, that we may learn to bear one another's burdens: for no one is without

fault; no man but hath his burden;

No man is sufficient unto himself: no man is wise enough of himself; but we ought to bear with one another, comfort one another, help, instruct, and admonish one another.

Good cause have we to humble ourselves, and never to have any great conceit of ourselves: since we are so frail and inconsistent.

Occasions of adversity soonest discover how great virtue or strength each one hath.

For occasions do not make a man frail, but they show what he is.

It is no great matter to associate with the good and gentle; for this is naturally pleasing to all, and everyone willingly enjoyeth peace, and loveth those best that agree with him.

But to be able to live peaceably with hard and perverse persons, or with the disorderly, or with such as go contrary to us, is a great grace, and a most commendable and manly thing.

THE HUMAN SLAUGHTER-HOUSE.

How the experts have, day in and day out, been inventing and constructing new marvels of mechanism! The mechanical side of war has been raised to a high standard of genius and fine art.

It is as though Death has scrapped his scythe for old iron; as if nowadays he had graduated as expert mechanic.

We have passed on from retail to wholesale methods in business. Once it was a knightly death, an honorable soldier's death; now it is death by machinery.

Just as they turn out buttons and pins by wholesale methods of production, so they are now turning out the crippled and dead by machinery.

Father in Heaven! Thou couldst only rain thy paltry pitch and sulphur on Sodom and Gomorrah.

But we, thy children, whom thou hast created, we are going to exterminate them by high-pressure machinery, and butcher whole cities in factories.

Here we stand, and while we stretch our hands to thy Son in prayer, we are hurling shells and shrapnel into the face of Thy image, and shooting the Son of Man down from His Cross like a target at the rifle-butts.

That we have been human beings no longer counts. Life and love no longer count; flesh and blood no longer count; only gore and corpses count for anything now.

How we used to tremble when a naked human life was even in danger. We would not even suffer a man to creep away out of Life by stealth while we looked on.

We cut down suicides at their last sob, and hustled

them back into life. Of our mercy we fanned the flickering life and fed the sunken flame.

There was nothing greater, nothing more sacred than life. Life was for us the most precious possession on the earth.

And here lies that most precious possession—wasted and used up—spurned as the dust by the roadside—and we are marching over it as over dust and stones.

All the bodies lying about are lying as if they were outstretched in the abbatoir. They have grown rigid in death in grotesque postures as if Death had been trying to pose figures.

To be hit and fall down dead, there's nothing to make a fuss about that. But to be shot through the chest, to burn for hours in the fever of your wounds,

To cool your mangled body in the wet grass, and to stare into the pitiless blue heavens because your accursed eyes go on refusing to glaze over—

This is death on the stricken field! In such wholesale, callous, purposeful fashion vermin only are exterminated. We count for nothing more than vermin in war.

We poor dead heroes! We are victorious now, and have won land and fame. They will shovel our bodies underground with burying machines.

Let us turn our faces to the earth. Let us sleep upon our laurels! Nothing makes any difference now.

LOFTY SOULS.

A great man is one who makes the world greater to find room for himself. A thousand years to him and God are but as yesterday when it is passed.

The mighty one of every era is thousands of years away from those who dwell with him, and all the great men of the scattered years are nearer to each other than to the dates that gossip on their tombstones.

The hero's solitude is his fellowship with heroes. From the years to the east and the years to the west they come.

The paths are short between the centuries, when, seeking their mighty kindred, the great go forth to visit in a prophet's heart.

"Live, O mighty brother," the Secret says, "live in the littleness about you, doomed to the dullness, gentle with the pain.

When the empty roar is stilled, there shall be the sound of coming—the gathering of thy brothers from afar;

In the peace above the world shalt thou walk with them. In the trysting-place of prophets shalt thou touch their hands.

From their eyes thy soul shall drink. As the night gathers the dew, their thought shall descend upon thee—glistening, refreshing,—the faith for thy sacrifice.

Thy brotherhood with prophets shall be to live without them. It shall be to believe in the greatness of little men—calling to it—pleading with it.

Whether it come to thy face or to thy cross or to thy

grave, their greatness shall be for thy greatness—created out of thy heart, humbled with thy sorrow, builded into the world.”

When our hearts are in tumult, and we are cast down, the incarnation challenge comes.

When the day is over, when our brother has returned us hate for love, dullness for insight, when he has cursed the dearest we could give, we shall go forth to the calm and absent-looking sky.

From the vast resting places in the deep the winds will come to us. They shall blow upon the fever in our faces and we shall say: “It were simple enough to be a God—safe beyond the stars; to be a God alone, with worlds for infinite retreat:

But to be a god *here*, to have a god’s desires and a man’s chance—to be infinite and dream stars, and be riveted down to the ground,—

To have wings of love and be fastened to hate and wedded to blindness and mingled with beasts and harried hither and thither in the great unseemly shambles, where men think they live and do not even learn to die,

And where they curse, and cast their souls into the filth, and trample their brothers under their feet for the filth itself, and burn their heroes at the stake!”
Thus the incarnation challenge comes.

To play at being gods like the gods of the Greeks, to play at being gods like the poets and dreamers of the earth, were not difficult; but to be in grim earnest, with uttermost faithfulness, a half-god with a god’s desires—

The problem of every soul when the sons of God go forth to live.

THE SPIRIT OF THE UNITED STATES.

We are a mighty nation, and as we run our memory back over the pages of history, we find a race of men whom we claim as our fathers.

They were iron men, and we understand that by what they did it has followed that the degree of prosperity which we enjoy has come to us.

They were pillars of the temple of liberty; and now that they have crumbled away, that temple must fall unless we, their descendants, supply their places with other pillars hewn from the solid quarry of sober reason.

Passion has helped us, but can do so no more; it will in the future be our enemy. Reason must furnish all the materials for our future support and defense.

The sentiment in the Declaration of Independence gave liberty to the people of this country, and hope to all the world.

Let us re-adopt the Declaration of Independence and the practices and policy which harmonize with it.

What constitutes the bulwark of our own liberty and independence? It is not our frowning battlements, our bristling seacoast, our army and our navy.

Our reliance is in the love of liberty which God has planted in us; our defense is in the spirit which prizes liberty as the heritage of all men in all lands everywhere.

Destroy this spirit and we have planted the seeds of despotism at our own doors. Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and, under a just God, cannot long retain it.

This country with its institutions belongs to the

people who inhabit it. When ever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it; or their revolutionary right to overthrow it.

Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world?

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in:

To do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

Years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

It is for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain;

That this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom,

And that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

THE SOCIAL CONSCIENCE.

Churches come and go, but there has ever been but one religion:

The only religion is conscience in action.

The social conscience sees that wherever man walks, there is the Holy Land.

It raises the cross of a new crusade against infidels, who deny the divine right of the people, that the will of God shall be done on earth as in heaven.

It insists that every question between men is a religious question, a question of moral economy before it becomes one of political economy.

It makes all political, industrial, and social activities the functions of a new church.

The church of the social conscience will be a church of the deed as well as of the creed—

A church that will not only preach Christ, but do Christ;

A church where science, the revelation of what has been, will never be at war with religion, the revelation of what ought to be;

A church which will make its worshippers share this world as well as the next world;

A church that will teach that the life eternal is the life we are living now;

A church which will recognize no vested right of property in man, except the right to love and to be loved;

A church which will look upon idleness by the side of industry, wealth by the side of poverty, luxury by the side

of want, health by the side of disease, as the real sins against the Holy Ghost;

A church which will not let any man offer charity to those to whom it refuses justice;

A church which will recognize nothing as love which does not bear justice as its fruit;

A church which will make every social wrong a moral wrong, and every moral wrong a legal wrong;

A church which will take the weak and despised out of the earthly Inferno of dirt, and want, and ignorance, to which they have been condemned by the oppressor;

A church which will worship God through all his sons made in his image.

THE EARTH-WATCH.

World of our awakening! home in the depths of the Infinite fallen to humanity! O little sunlighted wanderer in the vast spaces unknown and eternal and limitless!

We, too, have come in our turn to behold our inheritance. So, while thou hast still pursued the old course of thy pilgrimage, others have come and have gone—have beheld and inherited;

Made of thy waters a path and a home in thy meadows, gathered to toil in the dawn and to rest in the darkening, fought and kept watch on thee.

Lo! we arise and look forth and consider our dwelling-place:—homely and intimate round us the paths of our wandering, leading afar till they merge in the mists of the Infinite.

Life, the familiar, revealing through change and mortality, tidings immortal, and under the simple and visible ever suggesting a secret beyond that is fathomless.

Everything wondrous, with meaning inborn in it, everything stamped with the mark of eternal significance.

This is our watch, we have come to relieve the weary ones. This has been given us: even to look through the past on the life of humanity, growing from better to better, and learn that 'tis well with us;

Learn that they watched not in vain who received not the recompense; learn that they fought not in vain who beheld not the victory; learn that the law of man's life is development.

O green earth! little heart of warm life! of thy dust we are fashioned, nursed in thy shelter; thou art our home!

Yet there is something we miss which we sought in thee everywhere, something we miss which we dreamed about: thou art not all to us.

Deep in our souls there are whispers mysterious, promise of something unfound, of labor that waits for us, shores of new life to discover, far fields to be harvested,

Making thee seem, little earth, only the home of our childhood, over the threshold of which we shall pass, when the night cometh, seeking the morning afar and our greater inheritance.

Lo! we are brothers,—the earth the first home of our brotherhood! Lo! we are pilgrims,—and this is our first day of journeying!

Learners of life,—and the earth our first school in the universe! Lovers are we,—and the earth is our earliest trysting place!

Fighters for God, and the earth is the first of our battlefields! This is our watch: we have come to relieve the weary ones!

We have not looked on our Captain, yet think we shall look on him: think he is watching even now in the midst of us.

What is beyond we know not; but we feel there is victory; knowing that we can be true and undaunted and resolute;

Keeping hearts strong against evil and warm to each other, who stand as a watch on the earth, on the shores of the Infinite.

CONQUERING FATE.

The event itself is pure water that flows from the pitcher of Fate, and seldom has it either savor, or perfume, or color.

But even as the soul may be wherein it seeks shelter, so will the event become joyous or sad, become tender or hateful, become deadly or quick with life.

Let us always remember that nothing befalls us that is not of the nature of ourselves.

There comes no adventure but wears to our soul the shape of our everyday thoughts; and deeds of heroism are but offered to those who, for many long years, have been heroes in obscurity and silence.

And whether you climb up the mountain, or go down the hill to the valley, whether you journey to the end of the world or merely walk around your house, none but yourself shall you meet on the highway of fate.

If Judas goes forth tonight, it is toward Judas his steps will tend,—nor will chance for betrayal be lacking;

But let Socrates open his door,—he will find Socrates on the threshold before him, and there will be occasion for wisdom.

We become that which we discover in the sorrows and joys that befall us, and the least expected whims of fate soon mould themselves on our thoughts.

It is in your past that Destiny finds all her weapons, her vestments, her jewels.

A sorrow your soul has changed into sweetness, to indulgence or patient smiles, is a sorrow that shall never return without spiritual ornament; and a fault

or defect you have looked in the face can harm you no more.

All that has thus been transformed can belong no more to the hostile powers.

Real fatality exists only in certain external disasters—as disease, accident, the sudden death of those we love; but inner fatality there is none.

Wisdom has power sufficient to rectify all that does not deal death to the body; it will even at times invade the narrow domain of external fatality.

Even when the deed has been done, the misfortune has happened, it still rests with ourselves to deny her the least influence on that which shall come to pass in our soul.

She may strike at the heart that is eager for good, but still is she helpless to keep back the light that shall stream to this heart from the error acknowledged, the pain undergone.

It is not in her power to prevent the soul from transforming each single affliction into thoughts, into feelings and treasures she dare not profane.

Be her empire never so great over all things external, she always must halt when she finds on the threshold a silent guardian of the inner life.

For even as the triumph of dictators and consuls could be celebrated only in Rome, so can the true triumph of Fate take place nowhere save in our soul.

EARTH IS ENOUGH.

It comes! the high inbrothering of man, the New Earth seen by John of Patmos when the comrade-dream was on his mighty heart.

Comrades, rejoice with me, for the joy that is to be,
when all the world shall be a light-heart company of
friends!

It is the hour of man: new purposes, broad shouldered,
press against the world's slow gate.

Man bursts the chains that his own hands have made:
hurls down the blind fierce gods that in blind years
he fashioned.

God is descending from eternity, and all things, good and
evil, build the road, laying the foundation of the Dream,
the Kingdom of Fraternity foretold.

No more is God a stranger: he comes as Common
Man at home with cart and crooked yoke.

Know man and you will know the deep of God; for I who
cry my wonder over life, am I not part of That behind it
all?

Do I not feel the passion of the one that was anterior
to the morning star? Do I not come out of the
Mystery, out of the Infinite?

Man comes a pilgrim of the universe, out of the mystery
that was before the world, out of the wonder of old stars.

Far roads have felt his feet, forgotten wells have
glassed his beauty, bending down to drink.

At altar fires anterior to earth his soul was lighted, and it
will burn on after the suns have wasted in the void.

His feet have felt the pressure of old worlds, and are

to tread on others yet unnamed—worlds sleeping yet in some new dream of God.

Lo, man has laid his sceptre on the stars, and set his spell upon the continents; the heavens confess their secrets, and the stones publish their mystery.

Man calls the lightning from its secret place, that he may shrink the spaces of the world.

His hand has torn the veil of the Great Law—the law that was before the worlds—

And now men trace the orbits of the law, and find in it their shelter and their friend.

We men of earth have here the stuff of Paradise—we have enough! We need no other stones to build the stairs into the Unfulfilled—no other ivory for the doors—

No other marble for the floors—no other cedar for the beam and dome of man's immortal dream.

Here on the paths of every-day—here on the common human way is all the stuff the gods would take to build a heaven, to mold and make new Edens.

Ours is the stuff sublime to build Eternity in time!

THE DUTY OF MAN.

Human nature has achieved the consciousness that existence has an aim.

Human life, therefore, has a mission,—the mission of reaching that aim, by incessant activity upon the path toward it, and perpetual warfare against the obstacles opposed to it.

In this mission all who in their hearts love justice, beauty, and holiness are, whether leaders or followers, conquerors or martyrs, to act their part.

The ideal is not alone within us, but beyond and supreme over us.

Time and space are ours wherein to achieve it, and these furnish a field of liberty and responsibility for each and all of us.

Our choice, therefore, forever lies between evil and good, between selfishness and service.

Every epoch of human history reveals one fragment of the Ideal,—one line of the divine Idea.

Our world is not a spectacle. We are here not to admire earth's contrasts, not to contemplate but to transform hurtful and incomplete things, to build here and now the Kingdom of God.

This earth represents a line in the vast poem of the Universe: a note in the eternal harmony of the divine Ideal.

On the tuning of each and every soul in accord with this harmony depends the elevation of the individual and the progress of the race.

Faith may anticipate the time, when, from the free conscience of enlightened men and women, shall be given

forth a religious harmony on this earth, more mighty, more potent in love and life, than any to which humanity has yet listened.

We improve with the improvement of humanity; you cannot, even if you would, separate your life from that of humanity; you live in it, by it, for it.

I charge you, then, O my brothers, by your duty and by your own interest, not to forget that your first duties,—duties without fulfilling which you cannot rightfully fulfill those owed to family and country—are to humanity.

Ask yourselves whenever you do an action in the sphere of your country, or your family: If what I am doing were done by all and for all, would it advantage or injure humanity?

If your conscience answers: It would injure humanity, desist; desist even if it seem to you that an immediate advantage for your country or your family would ensue from your action.

God asks not: What have you done for your soul? but: What have you done for the brother souls I gave you?

If error rules your brothers in some other corner of this earth, and you do not desire and endeavour as far as lies in your power to overthrow it, you are false to your duty.

Be apostles of this faith, apostles of the brotherhood of nations, and of the unity of the human race, wherever and in whatever way you are able. Neither God nor man can demand more of you.

THE DIVINE COMMUNITY.

You have but a day to spend upon the earth; endeavor to spend it in peace.

Peace is the fruit of love; to love in peace, it is necessary to tolerate many things.

No one is perfect; all have their defects; each one leans upon the rest, and love alone can render this weight light.

If you cannot bear with your brethren, how can your brethren bear with you? Love your brethren in the world, and love them to the end.

Love is indefatigable; it never wearies. Love is inexhaustable; it has life springing up within itself; and the more it is scattered, the more it abounds.

The heart of him who loves is a paradise upon earth: God is within him, for God is love.

You say you love, and many of your brethren lack bread to support life, garments to cover their naked limbs, a roof to shelter them, while you have all things in abundance.

You say that you love, yet there are many sick, languishing, destitute of help, on their poor couches; many unfortunates have no one to weep with them;

Little children who wander numbed with cold, from door to door, asking the rich for a crumb from their table, yet they obtain it not.

You say that you love your brethren; what then would you do more if you hated them?

But I say unto you that whosoever, being able, succors not his brother who is in affliction, is the enemy of his brother; and whosoever, being able, feeds not his brother who is hungry, is his murderer.

There are men who love none but themselves; and these are men of hatred, for to love only one's self is to hate others.

In the city of God each loves his brother as himself; and, therefore, none are forsaken, or in suffering, if there be any cure for their suffering.

In the city of God no one sacrifices another to himself, but each one is ready to sacrifice himself to others.

The divine Father did not create the limbs of his children to be broken by irons, nor their souls to be destroyed by slavery.

He united them in families, and all families are sisters; he united them in nations, and all nations are sisters; and whosoever separates families from families, nations from nations, divides that which God has united.

And that which joins families to families, nations to nations, is first the law of God, the law of justice and charity, and then the law of liberty, which is also the law of God.

To be free, you must before all things love God; for if you love God you will do his will; and the will of God is justice and charity, without which there can be no liberty.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

Well knows he who uses to consider that our faith and knowledge thrive by exercise, as well as our limbs and complexions.

Truth is compared to a streaming fountain; if her waters flow not in a perpetual progression, they sicken into a muddy pool of conformity and tradition.

We boast our light; but if we look not wisely on the sun itself, it smites us into darkness.

The light which we have gained was not given us to be ever staring on, but by it to discover onward things more remote from our knowledge.

There be, who perpetually complain of schisms and sects, and make it such a calamity that any man dissents from their maxims.

'Tis their own pride and ignorance that cause the disturbing, who neither will hear with meekness, nor can convince, yet all must be suppressed which is not in their doctrine.

To be still searching what we know not by what we know, still closing up truth to truth as we find it:

This is the golden rule in theology as well as in arithmetic, and makes up the best harmony in a church; not the forced and outward union of cold and neutral and inwardly divided minds.

When there is much desire to learn, there of necessity will be much arguing, much writing, many opinions; for opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making.

Under the fantastic terrors of sect and schism, we wrong the earnest and zealous thirst after knowledge

and understanding which God hath stirred up.

A little generous prudence, a little forbearance of one another, and some grain of charity, might win all in one general and brotherly search after Truth;

Could we but forego this tradition of crowding free consciences and liberties into canons and precepts of men!

Suffer not prohibitions to stand at every place of opportunity, forbidding and disturbing them that continue seeking.

Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties.

Truth is strong next to the Almighty. Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter?

Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength.

Enter the glorious ways of Truth, and move by enlightened steps to the discovery of knowledge.

Try all things, assenting to the force of reason and conviction.

THE CHARITABLE LIFE.

We believe in the Supreme One, and that he has been revealed to us as truly as to Abraham and to the Tribes, to Moses and to Jesus.

We make no difference between any of the great prophets or religions of mankind; for we trust in the All-embracing, the All-compassionate One.

Will ye dispute with us about his Name? He is our Ruler, and your Ruler: we will answer with our actions, and you shall answer with yours; in Him we place our reliance.

All have a quarter of the heaven to which they turn; but the East as the West belongs to Him; therefore, whichever way we turn, there is He.

Jews and Christians say they are sons of the Eternal One and that they are His beloved.

Nay, they are but a part of the men whom He has created, and to every one alike has He given a rule and a beaten road.

If He had pleased, He would surely have made all men as one people; but He would test us by what He has given to each. Wherever ye be, prove yourselves emulous in good deeds.

There is no better ruler than Wisdom, no safer guardian than Justice, no stronger sword than Right, no surer ally than Truth.

Give full measure when you measure, and weigh with a just balance. Woe to them that give scant measure, and exact full measure from others.

Enjoin what is just; one hour of justice is worth years of prayer. Let none of you treat his brother in a

way he himself would dislike to be treated.

It is good to overcome evil with good; it is evil to resist evil with evil. Consider only what is for the good of each; and think not of wrong that has been done to thyself.

To endure and pardon is the wisdom of life. There is no offense too great to be pardoned.

Stronger than the mountains is the iron that breaks them, stronger than iron is the fire that melts it, stronger than fire is the water that quenches it, stronger than water is the wind that sets it in motion;

Yet stronger than all these is the love of him who lets not his left hand know of the charity which his right hand bestows, for such love overcomes all things.

Every good act is charity: giving water to the thirsty is charity; removing stones and thorns from the road is charity; smiling in your brother's face is charity.

A man's true wealth is the good he does in this world; when he dies, mortals will ask what property he left behind him; but angels will ask him: What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?

Wealth was given to be liberally bestowed, not to be avariciously hoarded.

He that has two loaves of bread, let him sell one, and buy that which nourishes the soul.

FELLOWSHIP.

Forsooth, ye have heard it said that ye shall do well in this world that in the world to come ye may live happily forever.

Do ye well, then, and have your reward both on earth and in heaven.

For I say to you that earth and heaven are not two but one, and this one is that which ye know, and are each one of you a part of, unless ye slay it.

Will any one of you go forth a wandering man and lonely, even as Cain did who slew his brother?

Ah, my brothers, what an evil doom is this, to have none to love you and to speak to you, to be without fellowship!

Fellowship is heaven, and lack of fellowship is hell:

Fellowship is life, and lack of fellowship is death:

And the deeds that ye do upon the earth, it is for fellowship's sake that ye do them,

And the life that is in it, that shall live on and on forever, and each one of you part of it, while many a man's life upon the earth from the earth shall wane.

He who doeth well in fellowship, and because of fellowship, shall not fail, though he seem to fail today, but in days hereafter shall he and his work yet be alive.

Therefore, I bid you not dwell in hell, but in heaven, or while ye must, upon earth, which is a part of heaven, and forsooth no foul part.

And how shall it be when man shall help man, and men no more fear each other?

He that soweth shall reap, and the reaper shall eat in fel-

lowship the harvest that in fellowship he hath won;

And he that buildeth a house shall dwell in it with
those that he biddeth of his free will;

And the tithe barn shall garner the wheat for all men to
eat of when the seasons are untoward;

And all shall be without money and without price.

Faithfully and merrily then shall all men keep the holidays
in peace of body and joy of heart;

And the churl shall be ashamed, and shall hide his
churlishness till it be gone, and he be no more a churl.

Be of good cheer, for the Fellowship of Men shall endure,
however many tribulations it may have to wear through;

And then shall the kingdom of heaven be come down
to the earth in very deed.

YOUTH'S CONSECRATION.

Consecrate yourselves to God, all ye youths and maidens, ere the world benumb your fresh feeling or sin harden your conscience.

Know that others have found God, as ye have not yet found him; but seek ye after him, and ye shall find him also; delight yourselves in him, and he shall give you the desires of your hearts.

Seek him in the open field or in the shrouded wood, under the evening sky or in the solitary chamber. Take with you words, and turn to him and say:

“O Author of our Spirits, Perfector of our Souls, with thee strength dwelleth in repose, and no passion is in disharmony:

But the passions of youth are untamed, and we do but move toward perfection, and desire often seduces from goodness, or ease deters from duty.

Yet wisely were we made by thee, and thy will must be best for us; early to submit were our prudence, and sweetly to obey, our happiness.

And when we know that we seek thy will, we know that we become thy servants. Lo! here we resign all baser desire, we consecrate ourselves to be thine.

We will struggle to be as thou approvest; to be pure as thou art pure, unwarped by perverse passion, unspoiled by selfishness:

Active for every good work, sympathizing with every good cause, haters and scorers of the wrong, lovers of good, and of good men.

So will we aspire to thee, that we may be thine now

and always, to live before thine open eye, and die into thy secret bosom."

Speak to him thus, or to this effect, knowing that he reads all your heart; knowing that his light searches your dark corners, and sees your unknown faults.

Oh, how it will cleanse your conscience, and strengthen your best purpose! How it will put to shame all unkindness, all impurity, all worldliness and pride!

Ye who admire heroism will grow heroic, and the compassionate more tender, and the generous more self-sacrificing, and the prudent more self-possessed.

Every virtue shall be strengthened, and every vice shall be crippled from the day that ye solemnly consecrate your all to the Ever-Present God.

Only aspire after perfection, and tell this out to God, and ere long ye shall find him and know his exceeding great joy.

He shall make with you a covenant of grace and truth, and shall fill you of his fulness, and visit you with his spirit,

And he shall be your well-known Lord, and ye shall be his conscious servants, equipped for life and careless of death,

Aspiring after eternity, sighing over your own unworthiness, yet certain of Almighty Love.

BEYOND MANKIND.

I teach you the Superman. Man is something that is to be surpassed. What have ye done to surpass man?

All things hitherto have created something beyond themselves: and ye want to be the ebb of that great tide, and would rather go back to the beast than surpass man?

What is the ape to man? A laughing-stock, a thing of shame. And just the same shall man be to the Superman: a laughing-stock, a thing of shame.

Ye have made your way from worm to man, and much within you is still worm. Once were ye apes, and even yet man is more of an ape than any of the apes.

Lo, I teach you the Superman! The Superman is the meaning of the earth. Let your will say: The Superman *shall* be the meaning of the earth!

I adjure you, my brethren, remain true to the earth, and believe not those who speak unto you of super-earthly hopes!

Man is a rope stretched between the animal and the Superman—a rope over an abyss.

What is great in man is that he is a bridge and not a goal; what is lovable in man is that he is a transition and a downfall.

I love those who do not first seek a reason beyond the stars for going down and being sacrifices, but sacrifice themselves to the earth, that the earth of the Superman may hereafter arrive.

I love him who laboreth and inventeth, that he may

build the house for the Superman, and prepare for him earth, animal and plant.

Let your love to life be love to your highest hope; and let your highest hope be the highest thought of life.

Your highest thought is this: Man is something that is to be surpassed.

As yet humanity hath not a goal. O my brothers, I consecrate you and point you to a new nobility: ye shall become procreators and cultivators and sowers of the future.

Let it not be your honor henceforth whence ye come, but whither ye go! Your will and your feet which seek to surpass you—let these be your new honor!

Not that your family have been courtly at courts, nor even that a Spirit called Holy led your forefathers into promised lands:

O my brethren, not backward shall your nobility gaze, but outward! Exiles shall ye be from all fatherlands and fore-fatherlands!

Your children's land shall ye love: let this love be your new nobility—the undiscovered in the remotest seas! For it do I bid your sails search and search!

Unto your children shall ye make amends for being the children of your fathers: all the past shall ye thus redeem! Man is something that hath to be surpassed.

THE GREATEST OF ALL.

My brothers, I appeal to you by all the mercy of God to dedicate your bodies as a living sacrifice, consecrate and acceptable to God.

Let your love be a real thing, with a loathing for evil, and a bent for what is good.

Bless those who make a practice of persecuting you; bless them instead of cursing them.

Never pay back evil for evil to any one. Do not let evil get the better of you; get the better of evil by doing good.

Be clothed with compassion and kindness, humility, gentleness and good temper, forbear and forgive each other in any case of complaint.

And above all, you must be loving, for love is the link of the perfect life.

I may speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but if I have no love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal.

I may prophesy, fathom all mysteries and secret lore, I may have such absolute faith that I can move hills from their place, but if I have no love, I count as nothing.

I may distribute all I possess to charity, I may give up my body to be burnt, but if I have no love, I make nothing of it.

Love is very patient, very kind. Love knows no jealousy; love makes no parades, gives itself no airs, is never rude, never selfish, never irritated, never resentful.

Love is never glad when others go wrong, love is gladdened

by goodness, always slow to expose, always eager to believe the best, always hopeful, always patient.

Love never disappears. As for prophesying, it will be superseded; as for "tongues", they will cease; as for knowledge, it will be superseded.

For we only know bit by bit, and we only prophesy bit by bit; but when the perfect comes, the imperfect will be superseded.

When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I argued like a child; now that I am a man, I have done with childish ways.

At present we only see the baffling reflections in a mirror, but then it will be face to face;

At present I am learning bit by bit, but then I shall understand, as all along I have myself been understood.

Thus faith, hope and love last on, these three;

But the greatest of all is love.

THE DWELLER IN THE INNERMOST.

God is neither to be expressed in speech, nor in written discourse; but we write and speak of Him in order to direct the soul to Him, like one who points the upward road which they who would behold Him have to traverse.

Our teaching only indicates the way in which they should go; the vision itself must be their own achievement.

The One does not lie in one place and not in another, but is present everywhere to him who can touch Him.

God is not far from every one of us; He is present with all, though they know Him not.

Bodies by their nature cannot enter into communion with other bodies; but incorporeal things are not kept apart by body; they are separated not by distance, but by otherness and difference.

Where no unlikeness is, they are immediately present with each other: so we become present to God when we put away all unlikeness to Him.

We more truly live when we turn towards Him, and near Him lies all our well-being, while far from Him our souls grow lonely and fall into a decline.

In Him our soul rests; it has ascended to a region pure of evil; there it has spiritual vision, and is exempt from passion and suffering; there it truly lives.

For our present life without God is a mere shadow and mimicry of the true life, a falling away, an exile, a loss of the soul's wings;

Because the soul springs from God, it must in its natural state love Him, desiring to be united with

Him.

Consider how blessed a thing it is in earthly love to obtain what one most desires, although the objects of mortal loves are mortal, and mere shadows that change and pass.

But yonder is the true object of our love which it is possible to grasp and love and truly possess, since no envelope of flesh separates us from it.

The soul has another life when it comes to God and knows that it is in the presence of the Dispenser of true life, and needs nothing more.

We must strip off all else, as it were husks, and embrace God with all our being, leaving no part of us that is out of touch with Him.

Then, indeed, we know ourselves divine, aflame with the glowing fire of Life, a radiance which would flicker and die should we grow heavy again with earthly desire.

In this state, we belong to God and are one with Him; like two concentric circles, they are one when they coincide, and two only when separated.

These are but figures by which prophets indicate how we may see God; but the wise man, understanding the symbol, may enter the sanctuary and make the vision real.

Such is the life of God and of Godlike and blessed men: a liberation from all earthly bonds, a flight of the alone to the Alone.

THE BETTER DAY.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that proclaimeth peace;

That bringeth glad tidings of good, that publisheth salvation, that saith unto the people: Thy God reigneth!

Behold, the days come, saith the Eternal, when I will make a new covenant with you and with your children; not according to the covenant that I made with your fathers:

But this is the covenant which I will make with you, and with your children in those days, saith the Most High:

I will put my law in your mind, and in your heart will I write it; and I will be your God and ye shall be my people.

And ye shall teach no more every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying: Know God; for ye shall all know me, from the least of you unto the greatest of you, saith our God.

And it shall come to pass that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions;

And also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my Spirit. And ye shall know that I am in the midst of you, and that I am your God.

Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard? The everlasting God fainteth not, neither is weary; he giveth power to the faint; and to him that hath no might he increaseth strength.

Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fail: but they that wait for God shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint.

And a man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest, as streams of water in a dry place, as the shade of a great rock in a weary land.

And the eyes of them that see shall not be dim, and the ears of them that hear shall hearken. And the heart of the rash shall understand knowledge, and the tongue of the stammerers shall be ready to speak plainly.

The fool shall be no more called noble, nor the crafty said to be bountiful. But the noble deviseth noble things; and by liberal things shall he stand.

Then justice shall dwell in the wilderness; and righteousness shall abide in the fruitful field. And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and confidence forever.

And it shall come to pass that the mountain of God's house shall be exalted above the hills; and many nations shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the house of God, and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths.

And God will judge between many peoples, and will decide concerning strong nations afar off;

And they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

And they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig-tree; and none shall make them afraid: for the mouth of God hath spoken it.

WISDOM.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. For the gaining of it is better than silver, and the profit thereof than fine gold.

She is more precious than rubies; and none of the things thou canst desire are to be compared unto her.

Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand are riches and honor. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

Forsake her not, and she will preserve thee; love her, and she will keep thee.

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; yea, with all thy getting, get understanding.

Exalt her, and she will promote thee; she will bring thee honor, when thou dost choose her. She will give to thy head a chaplet of grace, and will deliver to thee a crown of glory.

Wisdom crieth aloud in the street; she uttereth her words in the broad places; she crieth in the chief places of concourse; at the entrance of the gates, in the city, she uttereth her words:

Unto you, O men, I call; and my voice is to the sons of men. O ye simple, understand prudence, and, ye fools, be of an understanding heart.

Hear, for I will speak excellent things; and the opening of my lips shall be right things; for my mouth shall utter truth; and wickedness is an abomination to my lips.

How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity, and scoffers delight them in scoffing, and fools hate knowledge?

Turn you at my reproof: behold, I will pour out my spirit upon you; I will make known my words unto you.

Because I have called, and ye have refused, I will laugh in the day of your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh as a storm, and your calamity cometh as a whirlwind;

Then will they call upon me, but I will not answer; they will seek me diligently, but they shall not find me, for they would have none of my counsel, they despised all my reproof.

Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices; for the backsliding of the simple shall slay them, and the careless ease of fools shall destroy them.

But whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell securely, and shall be quiet without fear of evil.

If thou say unto wisdom, Thou art my sister; and call understanding thy familiar friend: then shall thou walk in the ways of good men, and keep the paths of the righteous.

When thou walkest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall watch over thee; and when thou wakest, it shall talk with thee.

For the commandment is a lamp; and the law is a light; and reproofs of instruction are the way of life.

DELIVERANCE.

O give thanks unto God, for he is good; for his loving-kindness endureth for ever. Let the redeemed of God say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the adversary;

And gathered out of the lands, from the east and from the west, and from the north and from the south.

They wandered in the wilderness in a desert way; they found no city of habitation. Hungry and thirsty their soul fainted in them.

Then they cried unto God in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses, and led them by a straight way, that they might go to a city of habitation.

O that men would praise God for his lovingkindness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men! For he satisfieth the longing soul, and the hungry soul he filleth with good.

Such as sat in darkness and the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron, because they rebelled against the words of God, and contemned the counsel of the Most High:

Therefore he brought down their heart with labor; they fell down and there was none to help. Then they cried unto God in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distresses.

He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bonds in sunder.

O that men would praise God for his lovingkindness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men! For he

hath broken the gates of brass, and cut the bars of iron in sunder.

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of God, and his wonders in the deep.

They mount up to the heavens, they go down again to the depths: their soul melteth away because of trouble; they reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end.

Then they cry unto God in their trouble, and he maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven.

O that men would praise God for his lovingkindness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men! Let them exalt him in the assembly of the people, and praise him in the seat of the elders.

He turneth rivers into a wilderness, and water-springs into a thirsty ground; a fruitful land into a salt desert, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein.

He turneth a wilderness into a pool of water, and a dry ground into water-springs, and there he maketh the hungry to dwell, that they may sow fields and plant vineyards, and get them fruits of increase.

Again they are diminished and bowed down through oppression, trouble and sorrow. He poureth contempt upon princes, and causeth them to wander in the waste, where there is no way.

Yet setteth he the needy on high from affliction, and maketh him families like a flock. The upright shall see it and be glad; and all iniquity shall stop her mouth.

Whoso is wise will give heed to these things; and they will consider the lovingkindness of the Eternal.

THE SECURITY OF TRUST IN GOD.

O God, how excellent is thy name in all the earth, who hast set thy glory upon the heavens!

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou established strength, because of thine adversaries, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

For thou hast made him but little lower than God, and crownest him with glory and honor.

Thou makest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field, the birds of the heavens and the fish of the sea, whatsoever passeth through the paths of the sea.

God is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? God is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, even then will I be confident.

One thing have I asked of God, that will I seek after: that I may dwell in the house of God all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of God, and to inquire in his temple.

For in the day of trouble he will keep me secretly in his pavilion: in the covert of his tabernacle will he hide me; he will lift me up upon a rock.

And now shall my head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me; and I will offer in his tabernacle sacrifices

of joy, I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto God.

Hear, O God, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me. When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, God, will I seek.

Hide not thy face from me; thou hast been my help: cast me not off, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation. When my father and my mother forsake me, then God will take me up.

Teach me thy way, O God; and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies. I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of God in the land of the living.

Wait for God: be strong, and let thy heart take courage; yea, wait thou for God. O taste and see that God is good: blessed is the man that taketh refuge in him.

What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good? Keep thy tongue from speaking evil, and thy lips from speaking guile. Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it.

The eyes of God are toward the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry. The face of God is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.

God is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as are of a contrite spirit. Many are the afflictions of the righteous; but God delivereth him out of them all.

THE WEALTH THAT REMAINS.

Hear this, all ye people; give ear, all ye inhabitants of the world: both low and high, rich and poor, together.

My mouth shall speak wisdom; and the meditation of my heart shall be of understanding.

They that trust in their wealth, and boast themselves in the multitude of their riches: none of them can by any means redeem his brother that he should live always; the fool and the brutish alike perish, and leave their wealth to others.

Their inward thought is, that their houses shall continue for ever, and their dwelling places to all generations; they call their lands after their own names.

Nevertheless man being in honor abideth not: he is like the beasts that perish. This their way is their folly: yet their posterity approve their sayings.

They are appointed as a flock for the grave; Death shall be their shepherd, and the upright shall have dominion over them in the morning; and their beauty shall be for the grave to consume, that there be no habitation for it.

Be not afraid when one is made rich, when the glory of his house is increased; for when he dieth he shall carry nothing away: his glory shall not descend after him.

Man that is in honor and understandeth not, is like the beasts that perish.

My soul waiteth in silence for God only: from him cometh my salvation. He only is my rock and my salvation; he is my defense; I shall not be greatly moved.

How long will ye set upon a man that ye may slay

him, all of you, like a leaning wall, like a tottering fence?

They only consult to cast him down from his excellency: they delight in lies: they bless with their mouth, but they curse inwardly.

My soul, wait thou in silence upon God; for my expectation is from him. He only is my rock and my salvation: he is my defense; I shall not be moved.

With God is my salvation and my glory: the rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.

Trust in him at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us.

Surely men of low degree are vanity, and men of high degree are a lie: to be laid in the balance, they are altogether lighter than vanity.

Trust not in oppression, and become not vain in robbery: if riches increase, set not your heart upon them.

God hath spoken once; twice have I heard this: that power belongeth unto God!

Also unto thee, O God, belongeth lovingkindness: for thou renderest to every man according to his work.

THE SURE DEFENSE.

I love God, because he heareth my voice and my supplication; because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.

Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for God hath dealt bountifully with thee. For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.

Oh give thanks unto God, for he is good; for his lovingkindness endureth forever: let them now that love God say, that his lovingkindness endureth forever.

Out of my distress I called upon God: he answered me and set me in a large place. God is on my side; I will not fear; what can man do unto me?

It is better to take refuge in God than to put confidence in man. It is better to take refuge in God than to put confidence in princes.

God is my strength and my song; he is become my salvation. The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tents of the righteous; the right hand of God doeth valiantly.

I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of God. God hath chastened me sore; but he hath not given me over unto death.

Open to me the gates of righteousness: I will enter into them, I will give thanks unto God. I will give thanks unto thee; for thou hast answered me, and art become my salvation.

The stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner. This is God's doing; it is marvelous in our eyes.

This is the day which our God hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it. Blessed be he that cometh in the name of God: we have blessed you out of the house of God.

Thou art my God, and I will give thanks unto thee; thou art my God: I will exalt thee. Oh give thanks unto God; for he is good; for his lovingkindness endureth forever.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains: from whence shall my help come? My help cometh from God, who made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber. Behold, he that keepeth thee will neither slumber nor sleep.

God is thy keeper: God is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

God will keep thee from all evil: he will keep thy soul. He will keep thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth and for evermore.

If it had not been God who was on our side, when men rose up against us; then they had swallowed us up alive, when their wrath was kindled against us.

Then the waters had overwhelmed us, the stream had gone over our soul; then the proud waters had gone over our soul.

Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers: the snare is broken, and we are escaped. Our help is in the name of God, who made heaven and earth.

LONGING FOR GOD.

I waited patiently for God; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.

He brought me up out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay; and he set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.

And he hath put a new song into my mouth, even praise unto our God: many shall hear it, and trust in God.

Blessed is the man that maketh God his trust, and respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies.

Many, O my God, are the wonderful works which thou hast done, and the thoughts which are to us-ward: they cannot be set in order unto thee; if I should declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered.

I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart; I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation; I have not concealed thy lovingkindness and thy truth from the great assembly.

Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee: let such as love thy salvation say continually, God be magnified.

But I am poor and needy; yet God thinketh upon me; thou art my help and my deliverer, make no tarrying, O my God.

As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?

My tears have been my food day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

These things I remember, and pour out my soul within me: how I went with the throng, and led them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, a multitude keeping holyday.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.

O my God, my soul is cast down within me: deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterfalls: all thy waves and thy billows have gone over me.

Yet God will command his lovingkindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me, even a prayer unto the God of my life.

I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me? Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

As with a sword in my bones, mine adversaries reproach me, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him, who is the help of my countenance, and my God.

GOD'S CHOSEN ONES.

The earth is God's, and the fulness thereof: the world, and they that dwell therein. For he hath founded it upon the seas and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of God? or who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive a blessing from God, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

God, who shall sojourn in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart;

He that slandereth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his friend, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor;

In whose eyes a reprobate is despised; but who honoreth them that love God; he that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not;

He that putteth not out his money to interest, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of scoffers.

But his delight is in the law of God; and on his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the streams of water, that bringeth forth its fruit in its season; whose leaf also doth not wither; and whatsoever he doeth

shall prosper.

The wicked are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away. Therefore the wicked shall not stand in the judgement, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For God knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the wicked shall perish.

God is my shepherd: I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside still waters; he restoreth my soul.

He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me;

Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me; thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou hast anointed my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and lovingkindness shall follow me all the days of my life: and I shall dwell in the house of God for ever.

THE CONFIDENCE OF VIRTUE.

Fret not thyself because of evil-doers, neither be thou envious against them that work unrighteousness.

Trust in God and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land and feed on his faithfulness.

Delight thyself also in God, and he will give thee the desires of thy heart; commit thy way unto him; trust also in him, and he will bring it to pass.

He will make thy righteousness to go forth as the light, and thy justice as the noonday.

Be still before God, and wait patiently for him: fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

Cease from anger, and forsake wrath: fret not thyself, it tendeth only to evil-doing; for evil-doers shall be cut off.

For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be: yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and he shall not be.

But the meek shall inherit the land, and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

The wicked have drawn out the sword, and have bent their bow, to cast down the poor and needy, to slay such as be upright in the way.

Their sword shall enter into their own heart, and their bows shall be broken.

Better is a little that the righteous hath, than the abundance of many wicked: for the arms of the wicked shall be broken; but God upholdeth the righteous.

They shall not be put to shame in the time of evil, and in the days of famine they shall be satisfied.

A good man's goings are established of God, and he delighteth in his way. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down, for God upholdeth him with his hand.

Depart from evil, and do good; and dwell for evermore. For God loveth justice, and forsaketh not his saints; they are preserved forever.

The mouth of the righteous talketh of wisdom, and his tongue speaketh justice; the law of God is in his heart; none of his steps shall slide.

I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green tree in its native soil; yet he passed away, and lo, he was not: yea, I sought for him, but he could not be found.

Mark the perfect man and behold the upright; for there is a happy end to the man of peace.

The salvation of the righteous is of God: he is their stronghold in the time of trouble; he helpeth them and rescueth them, because they have taken refuge in him.

THE ENDURING LIFE.

God, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is passed, and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as a flood; they are as a sleep. They are like grass that groweth up:

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down and withereth.

Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance. For all our days are passed away as a shadow: we bring our years to an end as a sigh.

The days of our years are three score years and ten, or even by reason of strength fourscore years; yet is their pride but labor and sorrow: for it is soon gone, and we fly away.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. O satisfy us early with thy loving-kindness, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands, establish thou it.

I said, O my God, take me not away in the midst of my days; thy years are throughout all generations. Of old thou didst lay the foundations of the earth, and the heavens are the work of thy hands.

They shall perish, but thou shalt endure; yea, all of

them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed.

But thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end. The children of thy servants shall continue, and their seed shall be established before thee.

Bless God, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless God, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

Who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crownest thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy desire with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us after our iniquities; for as the heavens are high above the earth, so great is his lovingkindness toward them that love him.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so God pitieth them that love him. For he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the lovingkindness of God is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that love him, and his righteousness unto children's children;

To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his precepts to do them.

OMNIPRESENCE.

The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.

In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

His going forth is from the end of the heavens, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of God is perfect, restoring the soul; the testimony of God is sure, making wise the simple.

The precepts of God are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of God is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of God is clean, enduring forever; the judgments of God are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb. Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping them there is great reward.

Who can discern his errors? Cleanse thou me from hidden faults. Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be clear of great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditations of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O God, my strength, and my redeemer.

O God, thou hast searched me and known me. Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thought afar off.

Thou compasses my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways. For there is not a word in my tongue, but lo, O God, thou knowest it altogether.

Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it.

Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in the grave, behold, thou art there;

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them! If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with thee.

Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

THE UNCONQUERABLE SOUL.

The life of man, viewed outwardly, is but a small thing in comparison with the forces of nature.

The slave is doomed to worship Time and Fate and Death, because they are greater than anything he finds in himself, and because all his thoughts are of things which they devour.

But, great as they are, to think of them greatly, to feel their passionless splendor, is greater still.

And such thought makes us free men; we no longer bow before the inevitable in Oriental subjection, but we absorb it, and make it a part of ourselves.

To abandon the struggle for private happiness, to expel all eagerness of temporary desire, to burn with passion for eternal things—this is emancipation, and this is the free man's worship.

And this liberation is effected by a contemplation of Fate; for Fate itself is subdued by the mind which leaves nothing to be purged by the purifying fire of Time.

United with his fellow men by the strongest of all ties, the tie of a common doom, the free man finds that a new vision is with him always, shedding over every daily task the light of love.

The life of Man is a long march through the night, toward a goal which few can hope to reach, and where none may tarry long.

One by one, as they march, our comrades vanish from our sight, seized by the silent orders of omnipotent Death. Very brief is the time in which we can help them, in which

their happiness or misery is decided.

Be it ours to shed sunshine on their path, to lighten their sorrows by the balm of sympathy, to give them the pure joy of a never-tiring affection, to strengthen failing courage, to instill faith in hours of despair.

Let us not weigh in grudging scales their merits and demerits, but let us think only of their needs—of the sorrows, the difficulties, perhaps the blindnesses, which make the misery of their lives;

Let us remember that they are fellow-sufferers in the same darkness, actors in the same tragedy with ourselves.

And so, when their day is over, when their good and their evil have become eternal by the immortality of the past, be it ours to feel that, where they suffered, where they failed, no deed of ours was the cause;

But wherever a spark of divine fire kindled in their hearts, we were ready with encouragement, with sympathy, with brave words in which high courage glowed.

Brief and powerless is man's life; on him and all his race the slow, sure doom falls pitiless and dark.

In spite of Death, Man is yet free, during his brief years, to examine, to criticise, to know, and in imagination to create;

In this lies his superiority to the resistless forces that control his outer life.

To take into the inmost shrine of the soul the irresistible forces whose puppets we seem to be—to feel these things and know them is to conquer them.

CLEAR PATHS TO GOD.

Behold, all ye who feel for religion, and hearken, all ye who venture to the worship of God.

He careth not for the temple or the tower, if the inner thoughts of your hearts be dark and base.

Matins and vespers are not desired of him, if they increase not goodwill among men.

He is no more at the altar than in the street; the church is not the house of God more than the homes of those who frequent it.

He heareth your desire, whether it proceed from the crowded church or from the lonely chamber;

He considereth your ways and the reality of your petitions, and he looketh not at place or time.

He hath no special regard for volumes of music, or fretted roof, or painted window, or candles, or gorgeous raiment.

Attitudes are as naught to the Most High, and repetitions are not worthy of him whose ears are not dull, who knoweth all.

In truth and in simplicity shall the child approach the Father; he is not capricious, he is not weak.

He is ever ready to listen to the cry of every soul, and no creature can come between the converse of the soul and God.

Forsake the service if it falsify the heart's truth, and be not bound to forms of prayer that a multitude repeat by rote.

This is a deep offence against yourselves and God: to imagine good from vows thoughtlessly spoken and willingly broken, and to make a show of sanctity one day in the week.

Let not him who is never seen to pray be accounted impious; let not him who intoneth not himself a miserable sinner every sabbath be blamed for ungodliness.

Moreover, consider this to be of weight in doctrines, if they be good for all places and all times.

We know little, and upon the little we know we act not as we ought; let us then cease to trouble about unprofitable tangles;

But let us steadfastly search for saving belief and right actions, such as becometh the capacity of manhood.

True belief is a glorious power, but the souls of her audience must be free.

Cast away then all old fables that clog the spirit, and abolish the bane of tradition, and be a living soul in the undeceived sight of the living God.

Let right dealing and gentle fearlessness and wisdom in human welfare possess the people;

Then shall every heart rejoice in the great congregation, and no child of man shall be turned from the Church of All Souls.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Who is the Christian man, and in whom is the spirit of the everlasting word?

God so loved the world, that he hath revealeth his holy ones in all times, his warriors in every nation.

Ye make saints of the disciples of Judea, but the disciples of your own day and of your own land ye spurn under your feet.

Why do ye magnify the Savior in prayers and hymns, and reject him in your lives?

Cast off your God if he be pleased with words; destroy his temples if he be satisfied with petitions and sermons;

But if he be the spirit of wisdom, if his service be the perfection of love, if the Savior be the chosen Master of our souls,

Then let us leave our vanities and cleave to righteousness, let luxury depart from us, and let temperance and peace be our friends;

Let us live as brethren in helpful confidence, let war cease, let strife give place to reason, and the show of riches to quiet and joyful simplicity;

Let bitterness sow discord no more, let strong persuasion be merciful to the soul of a brother.

Let us reverence every soul that seeketh righteousness, and respect the depth and marvel of mind;

Let opinions vary as flowers and trees, and the precious quality of each be enshrined in grateful regard;

Let all controversy be in reason and goodwill, let no word that savors of hatred confound the approaches of truth;

Let our passions be subdued before our enemies, let our speech be weighed again and again, and our thoughts be jointed with tenderness.

Let opinions be freed from the pressure of circumstance, let every man act for the good of all, as though he looked upon the world from afar off.

Blessed is the faith that catcheth not at false advantage, mighty the devotion that scorneth the turns of policy.

Trust the man that followeth not in a throng, who will not flatter a multitude, and make evil good to his profit;

Who bringeth every case to the law of love, and seeketh judgment in the proving of conscience;

Who believeth in the light, and obeyeth the spirit of Christ,—he is the Christian man, and in him shall we behold the fruit of Eternal Thought.

THE ABIDING REALITY.

Believe in the good, and it shall come unto thee; have faith in the unseen, and the seen shall become unto thee as a testament from invisible beauty.

As thou growest in wisdom will the palpable fade,
and the spiritual powers increase in eternal presence.

In the universe is no corner devoid of law, and in time no minute cut off and successionless.

In the childhood of man the great forces lay hidden;
no man divined the intensity of pervading currents.

They saw the devastation of the wind, and the lashing of the waters, and the brightness and heat of day;

But the energy of ether escaped them, they were blind
to the pressure of everlasting motion.

Even the gross air they understood not, and took the transparent breath for spirit.

The ether that joins all worlds they never imagined;
the music that thrills all creation they could never hear.

Though the waves that beat through their ears in a second were more in number than the seconds of a thousand years, yet knew they nothing thereof, and common things were common unto them.

They grovelled for startling signs and wonders, and all the transcendent marvels revealed themselves not to the delusions of their careless fancy.

For they dwelt among hearsays and customs, and sought religion only for an earthly favor:

But to the strenuous of the age of thought great secrets are revealed, and to the reverent searcher the

gems of the invisible crown are precious in meditation. All deep things are beyond the power of words, and by description the highest communion can never be felt.

The foundations of life are inscrutable, and the identity of a person is beyond proof.

When we come to the first elements we are confounded, and cunning withers in the face of simplicity.

Who can question space, and who can discourse on the qualities of time, or analyze the origin of numbers?

How then can we apply our thoughts to God, and approach Infinity with proportions?

We can but be wise in relations, for one absolute matter turns all knowledge to foolishness.

Yet can we love goodness and worship truth, as we delight in sunlight and purity; and in loving the good we shall attain the highest life of bounded powers.

In the beauty of love the day becomes immortal; on the river of eternity the din of the world is lost.

THE HIDDEN SPLENDOR.

How beautiful is the morning, all bright in its tranquillity!
Clear blue is the depth of the heaven, and the earth is
silent and calm;

The bloom is purple upon the mountains, the waters
are transparent in the valley; the light leaves tremble
above the mosses, and the white stems are mottled
with moving shadows;

Silver threads of falling water make music from the corries
of the caverned hills and the scent of the ferns is borne on
the dew that ascendeth unseen;

Wild roses trace out the buttresses of the rocks and
trail on the banks of the torrent; they climb around
the chambers of the boulders, they make the recesses
of the crags a marvel of beauty and joy;

The sweet grass is an emerald floor, and the grey stone is
coated with wondrous adornment; the vesture of earth is
aglow with rejoicing life, the very clods have covered them-
selves with color and broidery;

By the swift stream under the woods the beech tree
stretcheth her branches, and the melody of singing
birds is pleasant among the hawthorns.

An air of the south is freighted with delight, the gathered
fragrance of bloom and leafage;

The freshness of the sea hath visited the tree-tops, the
essence of ocean spray hath distilled the strength of
the forest.

In the alchemy of light the branches are decked with
greenery, and every leaf is a sweet influence to the broad
wind;

The stream of the air is restored without ceasing; it is a full draught of life to breathe, a recreation for the soul's delight.

In the splendor of the arch of heaven the mind hath a vision of rapture, and resteth on the ethereal deep.

There is a gentle enchantment from shining wings; sunshine and shadow weave their woof through the flowery carpet.

A dream of nature alighteth upon me, I am conscious of awful things: I am entranced in a far-off unity, I am at one with all creation;

I am lost in past and future, I am alone with the years of endlessness; I am helpless and immersed in power, I am nothingness awakening to universe;

Immensity hath steeped me in her forgetfulness, everlasting changefulness hath poured upon me her mystery;

I am partaker of unspeakable joy, the world of sensation is no longer oppressing me; the soul of the world-soul is the brightness of the day untouched and unvanquished forever.

He that hath seen, he that hath gazed, he that hath loved, and kindled with the living truth, shall return to the earth with power;

And the true shall be to him the image of the perfect soul, and outward vanities shall not hide from him the revelation of silence, the remembrance of divine unfolding.

THE WORKS OF FAITH.

Let us bring unto God more than praise, let us honor him with more than prayer.

Let a joyful spirit be our anthem, and unceasing righteousness our service.

He doth not ask for petitions, neither doth he count the words of thy celebration.

When thou criest to him, he cannot break his laws to help thine error.

If thou pleadest with him and givest not all thy strength for that thou desireth, thou dishonorest him that gave thee a mind after his image.

If thy prayer be against eternal law, it cannot be answered; if it be a possible thing, it is for thee to make it come to pass.

The child that asketh much and doeth little causeth sorrow and weakness, and shall fail in the time of trouble.

The gifts of heaven are poured upon thee; the sun giveth light that thou mayest work, and the darkness of night provideth for thy rest.

Thou knoweth that the rain cannot always refresh a thirsty land, nor the warmth whiten thy harvests duly in every season.

Pray not specially for thine own case, for the winds are not made for thy choice herbs, nor the clouds apportioned by the measure of thy cisterns.

The fickleness of the elements shall be thy strength, and in the shortcoming of endowment shalt thou enrich thy soul.

Dig deep thy wells in the time of plenty, store thy goods against the evil day, and spare thy substance

that in famine thou mayest arise as a deliverer.

By storms the tree acquireth strength, from the barren hills cometh nobleness, and from the long night spring stars of poetic enchantment.

Harmony is victorious through resistance, and by struggle vitality is ever renewed; a clean city escapeth plague, and by continual care may a nation be preserved in health.

Wait not therefore for the evil day, to fall on thy knees in sharp distress, for thou knowest now that disease is in the world, and that loving thoughtfulness is the prayer beloved of God.

Bring knowledge abundantly to bless the people, and science to overthrow the creatures of darkness;

Let every man be instructed in the world's laws, and let every mind be trained in reason and skill;

Let him learn in lowliness and walk humbly in wisdom; let his heart be full of zeal, and his life a sacrifice of thanksgiving in sure obedience.

THE ETERNAL WILL ON EARTH.

Hallowed be thy name, our Father, for the days that thou hast given us upon this world of thine.

Brief hours hast thou given us in the march of life, swiftly do we pass from the wonders that dawn on the spirit;

Yet have we time to behold thee with awe, to serve thee with love, to believe that the right is good;

Our years are enough for many glories, and in the journey through nature every brave heart may lead as a hero and bless as the arm of God.

As thou spreadest the sky over all thy creatures, and sheddest thy mercy like the dew upon great and small, so the justice of man moveth toward equal favor and inclineth everywhere to mercy.

O how blessed is the increase of knowledge: every age shall know more and presume less; in the growth of science shall the strength of lowliness flourish.

Then shall the churches no longer map out the invisible, and divide the ever-infinite into fragments, and the mysteries of heaven shall no more be tossed like weapons between sect and sect.

All people shall be learners, and thou shalt be the teacher to every heart that thirsteth for good; the noble of all ages shall be preachers to willing hearers.

The righteous shall be doers and workers; they shall love thy commandments, and the fruitfulness of thy statutes shall be precious in their sight.

Vain imagination shall no more separate by hatreds, but thy sure testimonies shall unite with heart-cheer-

ing gratitude.

The world-cathedral shall arise from the bounty of all seas and lands; the music of thy service shall be the unity of love in sacrifice.

Language shall no more divide people from people, for the poetry of the unseen shall be one over all the world.

Emancipation shall come to him that groaneth in the chains of error, and the dross of the creeds shall be driven like smoke from the furnace in the day of trial.

Brother and sister shall be everywhere around the world, the patriot shall be the well-wisher of every conscious child of eternity.

The light of all souls shall bring beauty more than a spring that fadeth not, the day of renunciation shall bring sweetness fuller than the sunshine of a day of rest.

So shall the ever-saving hope battle with despair, and the invisible shall become mighty over the visible, and tears shall fall away in the sympathy of the All-suffering.

And a strength shall remain, which shall reign over darkness forever, and the insight of purity shall remain, giving wisdom and peace;

And to the whole world shall come the spirit of happiness, the will of God, the perfect obedience and the blessing that endureth for ever.

HAPPINESS AND THE CALM HEART.

True happiness is to be free from perturbations; to understand our duties toward God and man; to enjoy the present, without any anxious dependence upon the future.

The great blessings of mankind are within us, and within our reach; but we shut our eyes, and, like people in the dark, we fall foul of the very thing we search for without finding it.

Tranquillity is a certain equality of mind which no condition of fortune can either exalt or depress.

Nothing can make it less, for it is the state of human perfection: it raises us as high as we can go, and makes every man his own supporter, whereas he that is borne up by anything else may fall.

He that judges aright and perseveres in it, enjoys a perpetual calm; without a certain and unchangeable judgment, all the rest is but fluctuation.

There must be a sound mind to make a happy man; and such an indifferency to the bounties of fortune, that either with them or without them we may live content.

There must be neither lamentation, nor quarreling, nor sloth, nor fear, for it makes a discord in a man's life.

The joy of a wise man stands firm without interruption; in all places, at all times, and in all conditions, his thoughts are cheerful and quiet.

He that can look death in the face and bid it welcome; open the door to poverty and bridle his appetites; this is the man whom Providence has established in the possession of inviolable delights.

The pleasures of the vulgar are ungrounded, thin and superficial; but the others are solid and eternal.

A peaceful conscience, honest thoughts, virtuous actions, and an indifference for casual events, are blessings without end, satiety, or measure.

A wise man, in whatsoever condition he is, will always be happy, for he subjects all things to himself, submits himself to reason, and governs his actions by counsel, not by passion.

He does nothing unwillingly; for whatever he finds necessary, he makes it his choice.

He is cautious in doubtful cases, temperate in prosperity, and resolute in adversity; still making the best of every condition, and improving all conditions to make them serviceable to his fate.

A good man is happy within himself, and independent of fortune; kind to his friend, temperate to his enemy, religiously just, indefatigably laborious; and he discharges all his duties with a constancy and congruity of actions.

We are born to lose and to perish, to hope and to fear, to vex ourselves and others, and there is no antidote against a common calamity but virtue; for the foundation of true joy is in the conscience.

THE GAIN AND LOSS OF FRIENDS.

Of all felicities, the most charming is that of a firm and gentle friendship. It sweetens all our cares, dispels all our sorrows, and counsels us in all extremities.

In effect a friend is an eye, a heart, a tongue, at all distances. True friends are the whole world to one another, and he that is a friend to himself is a friend to all mankind.

There must be no reserves in friendship: as much deliberation as you please before the league is struck, but no doubts or jealousies after.

When I am with my friend, methinks I am alone, and as much at liberty to speak anything as to think it.

As our hearts are one, so must be our interests and convenience; for friendship lays all things in common, and nothing can be good to one that is ill to the other.

Let us have a care that our kindness be rightly founded, for where there is any other invitation to friendship itself, that friendship will be bought and sold.

He that loves a friend for his own sake is in error. It is a negotiation, not a friendship, that has an eye to advantages.

That friendship where affections are cemented by an equal and a common love of goodness, not either hope, or fear, or any private interest can ever dissolve it, but we carry it with us to our graves.

Next to the encounter of death in our own bodies, the most sensible calamity to an honest man is the death of a friend.

To lament the death of a friend is both natural and just,—but no profuse or obstinate sorrow. The os-

tentation of grief is many times more than grief itself. He that bethinks himself how often friends have been parted, will find more time lost among the living than upon the dead.

The greater the loss, the greater is the virtue to overcome it. If grieving will do no good, it is an idle thing to grieve; and if that which has befallen one man remains to all, it is as unjust to complain.

We do not mourn for the absent; why then for the dead, who are effectually no other? He is not gone, but sent before.

We have lost one blessing, but we have many left; and shall not all these satisfactions support us against one sorrow?

The comfort of having a friend may be taken away, but not that of having had one.

It is an ill construction of providence to reflect only upon my friend's being taken away, without any regard to the benefit of his once being given me.

He that has lost a friend has more cause of joy that once he had him, than of grief that he is taken away. Shall a man bury his friendship with his friend?

Let us therefore make the best of our friends while we have them, for how long we shall keep them is uncertain.

THE SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS IS THE SEARCH FOR GOD.

The whole work of this world is nothing but a perpetual contention for true happiness, and men are scattered up and down the world, moving to and fro therein, seeking it.

Our souls by a natural science, as it were, feeling their own original, are perpetually travailing with new designs and contrivances whereby they may purchase the scope of their highest ambitions.

Happiness is that pearl of great price which all adventure for, though few find.

It is not gold or silver that the earthlings of this world seek after, but some satisfying good which they think is there treasured up.

And thus, indeed, when men most of all fly from God, they still seek after Him.

Wicked men pursue, indeed, after a Deity in their worldly lusts; wherein yet they most blaspheme:

For God is not a mere empty name or title, but that self-sufficient Good which brings along that rest and peace with it which they so much seek after.

God is not better defined to us by our understanding than by our wills and affections.

He is not only the Eternal Reason, that Almighty Mind and Wisdom which our understandings converse with; but he is also that Unstained Beauty and Supreme Good which our wills are perpetually catching after;

And wheresoever we find true Beauty, Love and Goodness, we may say, here or there is God.

Because all those scattered rays of beauty and loveliness

which we behold spread up and down all the world over, are only emanations of that unexhausted Light which is above;

Therefore should we love them all in that, and climb up always by those sunbeams unto the Eternal Father of Lights:

We should look upon him and take from him the pattern of our lives, and, always eyeing him, should polish and shape our souls into the clearest resemblance of him;

And in all our behavior in this world—that great temple of his—deport ourselves decently and reverently, with that humility, meekness and modesty that becomes his house.

We should endeavor more and more to be perfect as he is; in all our dealings with men doing good, showing mercy and compassion, advancing justice and righteousness, being full of charity and good works;

And look upon ourselves as having nothing greater to do here than frame our hearts and lives according to that pattern which we behold in the mount of holy contemplation of him.

Thus we should endeavor to preserve that heavenly fire of Divine love and goodness always alive and burning in the temple of our souls.

And when we fulfill this royal law arising out of the heart of eternity, then shall we here appear to be the children of God, when he thus lives in us.

THANKSGIVING.

O God, our heavenly Father, we reverently bring Thee our thanksgiving and our worship. From work that wearies us, from cares that burden us, from mistakes and sins that afflict us,

We seek Thy rest and quiet, we seek Thy perfect peace.

For life and all things sweet and beautiful that it has brought us; for the changing seasons, for Thy skies and seas, Thy fields and flowers, Thy splendors of day, Thy mysteries of night,

We thank Thee, our God, the mighty Giver.

For our homes and their joy and rest, for friends and their kindnesses, for the priceless treasures of love,

We praise Thee.

For ancient truths made new, for the world's sublime faith in Goodness, for justice triumphing over violence, for freedom wrought out of oppression, for growing tolerance among all mankind,

We praise Thee, O God, who ever turnest evil into good.

For Thy saints and martyrs and heroes, for the unceasing line of Thy prophets of righteousness, for the poets and singers who have lifted men's hearts to Thee in all ages,

We praise Thee, O God, who hast revealed Thyself through Thy children.

For all man's costly lessons, for our own changing experiences and all that they teach us, for whatever in light or shadow reveals eternal verities, inspires our reverence, or deepens our trust,

We would always say, Thy will be done.

In the midst of these so great blessings, in view of these so sacred opportunities for growth and service,

We would live worthily, O God, from day to day.

For health and strength, for patience and love, to help each other, for conscience alive to our duties, for clear visions of the truth, and for lofty standards of character,

We would strive in humility and devotion of spirit, looking ever hopefully toward the Perfect.

We remember in our sympathies all who suffer and are in need, all in peril of body or in moral danger, all despairing and sinful souls:

Help us to reveal to such by our ministrations the light and salvation of Thy Presence.

With the praise of Obedience to Thy Laws, with the prayer of Noble Living, with the worship of Unselfish Service,

We would offer perpetual Thanksgiving to Thee, O God, now and forever.

THE BECKONING VISION.

We live in an ascending scale when we live happily, one thing leading to another in an endless series.

There is always a new horizon for onward-looking men; we are so constituted that our hopes are inaccessible, like stars, and the term of hoping is prolonged until the term of life.

It is not possible to keep the mind in a state of accurate balance and blank; and even if we could do so, instead of coming ultimately to the right conclusion we would be very apt to remain in a state of balance and blank to perpetuity.

All opinions are stages on the way to truth. It does not follow that a man will travel any further; but if he has honestly considered the world and drawn a conclusion, he has travelled so far.

To hold the same views at forty as we held at twenty is to have been stupified for a score of years, and take rank as an unteachable brat, well birched, but none the wiser.

Wherever we are, it is but a stage on the way to somewhere else, and whatever we do, however well we do it, is only a preparation to do something else that shall be different.

To be truly happy is a question of how we begin and not of how we end, of what we want and not of what we have.

The unattainable is not truly unattainable when we can make the beauty of it our own.

An aspiration is a joy forever, a possession as solid as a landed estate, a fortune which we can never exhaust, and which gives us year by year a revenue of pleasurable activity.

To have many of these is to be spiritually rich. Life is only a very dull and ill-directed theatre unless we have some interest in the piece.

It is in virtue of his own desires and curiosities that any man continues to exist with even patience, that he is charmed by the look of things and people, and that he awakens every morning with renewed appetite for work and pleasure.

In every part and corner of our life, to lose oneself is to be a gainer; to forget oneself is to be happy.

When we have discovered a continent, or crossed a chain of mountains, it is only to find another ocean or another plain upon the further side.

In the infinite universe there is room for our swiftest diligence, and to spare. Even in a corner of it there will always be something new to startle and delight us.

A strange picture we make, ceaselessly marching, grudging ourselves the time for rest; indefatigable, adventurous pioneers.

O toiling hands of mortals! O unwearied feet, travelling ye know not whither!

Soon, soon, it seems to you, you must come forth upon some conspicuous hilltop, and but a little way further, against the setting sun, descry the spires of El Dorado.

Little do ye know your own blessedness; for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labor.

LIFE OF MY LIFE.

Life of my life, I will ever try to keep my body pure, knowing that thy living touch is upon all my limbs.

I shall ever try to keep all untruths out from my thoughts, knowing that thou art that truth which has kindled the light of reason in my mind.

I shall ever try to drive all evils away from my heart and keep my love in flower, knowing that thou hast thy seat in the inmost shrine of my heart.

And it shall be my endeavor to reveal thee in my actions, knowing it is thy power gives me strength to act.

My desires are many and my cry is pitiful, but ever didst thou save me by hard refusals; and this strong mercy has been wrought into my life through and through.

Day by day thou art making me worthy of the simple, great gifts that thou gavest me unasked—this sky and the light, this body and the life and the mind—saving me from perils of overmuch desire.

There are times when I languidly linger and times when I awaken and hurry in search of my goal; but cruelly thou hidest thyself from before me.

Day by day thou art making me worthy of thy full acceptance by refusing me ever and anon, saving me from perils of weak, uncertain desire.

If thou speakest not I will fill my heart with thy silence and endure it. I will keep still and wait like the night with starry vigil and its head bent low with patience.

The morning will surely come, the darkness will vanish, and thy voice pour down in golden streams

breaking through the sky.

In the night of weariness let me give myself up to sleep without struggle, resting my trust upon thee.

It is thou who drawest the veil of night upon the tired eyes of the day to renew its sight in a fresher gladness of morning.

By all means they try to hold me secure who love me in this world, But it is otherwise with thy love which is greater than theirs, and thou keepest me free.

If I call not thee in my prayers, if I keep not thee in my heart, thy love for me still waits for my love.

I know not from what distant time thou art coming nearer to meet me. Thy sun and stars can never keep thee hidden from me for aye.

In many a morning and eve thy footsteps have been heard and thy messenger has come within my heart and called me in secret.

Thou hast made me known to friends whom I knew not. Thou hast given me seats in homes not mine own. Thou hast brought the distant near and made a brother of the stranger.

The great pageant of thee and me has overspread the sky. With the tune of thee and me all the air is vibrant, and all ages pass with the hiding and the seeking of thee and me.

THE ENJOYMENT OF THE WORLD.

That all the World is yours, your very senses and the inclinations of your mind declare; neither can anything but ignorance destroy your joys.

For if you know yourself, or God, or the World, you must of necessity enjoy it.

The World is unknown, till the Value and Glory of it is seen: till the Beauty and Serviceableness of its parts is considered.

When you enter into it, it is an unlimited field of Variety and Beauty: where you may lose yourself in the multitude of Wonders and Delights.

Your enjoyment of the World is never right till you so esteem it that everything in it is more your treasure than a king's exchequer of gold and silver.

Your enjoyment of the World is never right, till every morning you wake in Heaven; and look upon the skies, the earth, and the air as celestial joys.

You never enjoy the World aright, till the sea itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens, and crowned with the stars:

And perceive yourself to be the sole heir of the whole World, and more than so, because men are in it who are every one sole heirs as well as you.

Till your spirit filleth the whole World, and the stars are your jewels; till you are familiar with the ways of God in all ages as with your walk and table:

Till you love men so as to desire their happiness, with a thirst equal to the zeal of your own: till you delight in God for being good to all, you never enjoy the world.

Yet further, you never enjoy the World aright, till you so love the beauty of enjoying it, that you are covetous and earnest to persuade others to enjoy it.

To have blessings, and to prize them, is to be in Heaven; to have them, and not to prize them, is to be in Hell.

The World is a Mirror of infinite Beauty, yet men see it not. It is a Temple of Majesty, yet men do not regard it.

It is a region of Light and Peace, did not men disquiet it. It is the Paradise of God.

As it becometh you to retain a glorious sense of the World, so are you to remember always the unsearchable extent and unlimited greatness of your own soul; the length and breadth and depth and height of your own understanding:

Because it is the House of God, a Living Temple; far more magnificent and greater than the heavens.

You never know yourself till you know more than your body. The Image of God was not seated in the features of your face, but in the lineaments of your Soul.

Let all your actions proceed from a sense of this greatness; for you are never your true self, till you live by your soul more than by your body; and you never live by your soul till you feel its incomparable excellency.

THE BLOOD OF THE MARTYRS.

You worship the destroyer. You despise or at least ignore the builder.

You look with awe upon a battlefield. Do you not look with as much awe upon your tunnel?

Here is an honest battle. A battle with the rocks. A battle without an enemy.

Here is a battle without murder. Here is a battle in which no brother takes up his arms against his brother. Yet this battle, too, has its victims.

The soldier kills. You pension his wounds. The more he kills, the more his pension, the greater his renown.

The laborer saves. You condemn his wounds. You ignore his death. His family are not made pensioners. They are made paupers.

The soldier's family reports at the treasury. The laborer's family reports at the poorhouse. That is as far along as justice has got.

But justice has not got far along. If justice were justice, you would take off your hats to these men. They patiently go into the ground to do you their perilous service.

You should regard them with reverence. These martyrs are martyrs in spite of you and in spite of themselves. It is a martyrdom that has to be satisfied with martyrdom.

It is a martyrdom of which history says nothing. But if you fail to understand the tunnel, you deny all martyrdom. You affront the continuity of history.

For the tunnel belongs to the cross by the same subtle chain of faith that gives the cross to the tunnel.

Some men die that you may live. Some on scaffolds.
Some on crosses. Some on battlefields. Some in
tunnels.

Why should not the tunnel be as holy as the cross? You
can understand Jesus on the cross. Why do you fail to
understand this somebody sacrificed in the tunnel?

He died humbly crushed beneath a rock. They have
brought him out of the ground. His face is pale but
satisfied.

Your city of millions will not stay in its heavy round to
regard his anonymous visage.

Yet this unknown man has saved your city. But for
him your city could not exist. All labor lies there
prostrate in his inert form.

Come out of your churches, all of you, and worship here.
Leave your creeds behind.

This is creed enough. Here is religion enough.
Worship here.

CAPTAIN OF OUR SOULS.

Whensoever men have called upon any God and have found fellowship and comfort and courage and that sense of God within them, that inner light which is the quintessence of religious experience, it was the True God that answered them.

For the True God is a generous God, not a jealous God; and when a human heart cries out for a larger spirit and a stronger help than the visible things of life can give, straightway God answers the call.

Where there is faith, where there is need, there is the True God ready to clasp the hands that stretch out seeking for him.

God comes, we know not whence, into the conflicts of life. He works in men and through men. He is our friend and brother and the light of the world.

In his own time, God comes. The moment may come while we are alone in the darkness, under the stars, or while we walk by ourselves or in a crowd, or while we sit and muse. There is no saying when it may come.

But after it comes our lives are changed; God is with us, and there is no more doubt about God.

Thereafter one goes about the world like one who was lonely and has found a lover, like one who was perplexed and has found a solution.

One is assured that there is a Power that fights with us against the confusion within us and without. There comes into the heart an essential and enduring happiness and courage.

Lovers are the windows by which we may look out of the prison of self, but God is the open door by which we freely

go.

And God never dies, nor disappoints, nor betrays.

To find God is but the beginning of wisdom, because then for all our days we have to learn his purpose with us, and to live our lives with him.

It is for us to serve him. He is not to serve men's needs, or the ends of nations or associations of men. He has his own ends for which he needs us.

God faces the blackness of the Unknown and the confusions and cruelties of Life, as one who leads mankind through a dark jungle to a great conquest.

He sets out with us to conquer ourselves and the world and the stars. And beyond the stars our eyes as yet can see nothing, our imaginations reach and fail.

We who have realized him and given ourselves joyously to him, must needs be equally ready and willing to give our energies to the task we share with him to bring about the establishment of his real and visible kingdom throughout the world.

The kingdom of God is the thing before us, it is the close and inevitable destiny of mankind. In a few score years the faith of the True God will be spreading throughout the world.

In but a few centuries the whole world will be openly, confessedly, preparing for the kingdom.

In but a few centuries God will have led us out of the dark forest of these present wars and confusions into the open brotherhood of his rule.

THE FREE SPIRIT.

Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road, healthy,
free, the world before me, the long brown path before me
leading wherever I choose.

Henceforth I ask not good-fortune, I myself am
good-fortune.

Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need
nothing; strong and content I travel the open road.

From this hour I ordain myself loos'd of limits and
imaginary lines, going where I list, my own master,
total and absolute.

I inhale great draughts of space; the east and the west are
mine, and the north and the south are mine.

I am larger, better than I thought, I did not know
that I held so much goodness.

Allons! after the great Companions, and to belong to
them! They too are on the road—they are the swift and
majestic men—they are the greatest women;

Enjoyers of calms of seas and storms of seas, journey-
ers over consecutive seasons, over the years, the cu-
rious years each emerging from that which preceded
it;

Allons! to that which is endless as it was beginningless,
to undergo much, tramp of days, rests of nights, to merge
all in the travel they tend to, and the days and nights they
tend to;

Again to merge them in the start of superior journeys,
to see nothing anywhere but what you may reach it
and pass it;

To conceive no time, however distant, but what you may

reach it and pass it;

To look up or down no road but it stretches and waits
for you, however long but it stretches and waits for
you,

To see no being, not God's or any, but you also go thither,
To know the universe itself as a road, as many roads,
as roads for travelling souls.

All parts away for the progress of souls, all religions, all
solid things, arts, governments—

All that was or is apparent upon this globe or any
globe, falls into niches and corners before the pro-
cession of souls along the grand roads of the universe.

Of the progress of the souls of men and women along the
grand roads of the universe, all other progress is the needed
emblem and sustenance.

Forever alive, forever forward, they go! they go!
I know that they go, but I know not where they go,
But I know that they go toward the best—toward
something great!

AMERICA'S DESTINY.

Sail, sail thy best, ship of Democracy; of value is thy freight: 'tis not the Present only; the Past is also stored in thee.

Thou holdest not the venture of thyself alone, not of the Western continent alone: with thee Time voyages in trust, the antecedent nations sink or swim with thee.

With all their ancient struggles, martyrs, heroes, epics, wars, thou bearest the other continents; theirs, theirs as much as thine, the destination-port triumphant.

Steer then with good strong hand and wary eye, O helmsman; thou carriest great companions: venerable priestly Asia sails this day with thee, and royal feudal Europe sails with thee.

Beautiful world of new superber births that rises to my eyes, like a limitless cloud filling the western sky; world of the soul, born by the world of the real alone, led to identity, body, by it alone!

Thee as another equally needed sun, radiant, ablaze, swift-moving; thee risen in potent cheerfulness and joy, in endless great hilarity,

Scattering for good the cloud that hung so long, that weighed so long upon the mind of man: the doubt, suspicion, dread, of gradual, certain decadence of man;

Thee in thy own musicians, singers, artists, unborn yet, but certain; thee in thy moral wealth and civilization (until which thy proudest material civilization must remain in vain);

Thee in thy all-supplying, all-enclosing worship—thee in no single bible, savior, merely: thy saviors countless,

latent within thyself, thy bibles incessant within thyself,
equal as any, divine as any;

Thou in thy pinnacles, intellect, thought, thy topmost
rational joys, thy love and godlike aspirations, these:
these today I prophesy!

Land tolerating all, accepting all, not for the good alone,
all good for thee; land in the realms of God to be a realm
unto thyself, under the rule of God to be a rule unto thy-
self; land of unprecedented faith, God's faith;

Thy soil, thy very subsoil, all upheaved, the general
inner earth so long draped over, now henceforth for
what it is boldly laid bare, opened by thee to heaven's
light for benefit or bale.

The storm shall dash thy face, the murk of war and worse
than war shall cover thee all over: in many a smiling mask
Death shall approach beguiling thee; thou in disease shalt
swelter.

But thou shalt face thy fortunes, thy diseases, and sur-
mount them all, whatever they are today and what-
ever through time they may be, they all shall lift and
pass away and cease from thee;

While thou, Time's spirals rounding—out of thyself, thy-
self still extricating, fusing,—shalt soar toward the ful-
fillment of the future, the spirit of the body and the mind,
the soul, its destinies.

The Present holds thee not; for such vast growth as
thine, for such unparalled flight as thine, such
brood as thine, the Future only holds thee, and can
hold thee.

CIVIC GREATNESS.

What do you think endures? Do you think a great city endures? Nothing endures but personal qualities.

All waits or goes by default till a strong being appears; a strong being is the proof of the race and of the ability of the universe.

How beggarly appear arguments before a defiant deed! How the floridness of the materials of cities shrivels before a man's or a woman's look.

A great city is that which has the greatest men and women; if it be a few ragged huts, it is still the greatest city in the whole world.

The place where a great city stands is not the place of stretch'd wharves, docks, manufactures, deposits of produce only;

Nor the place of the tallest and costliest buildings or shops selling goods from the rest of the earth;

Nor the place of the best libraries and schools, nor the place where money is plentiest;

Nor the place of the most numerous population.

Where the city stands with the brawniest breed of orators and bards, where the city stands that is beloved by these, and loves them in return and understands them;

Where no monument exists to heroes but in the common words and deeds, where thrift is in its place, and prudence is in its place;

Where the men and women think lightly of the laws, where the slave ceases and the master of the slave ceases,

Where the populace rise at once against the never-ending audacity of elected persons, where the citizen

is always the head and ideal;

Where outside authority enters always after the precedence
of inside authority;

Where the children are taught to be laws to themselves,
and to depend on themselves;

Where women walk in the public processions the same as
the men, where they enter the public assembly and take
places the same as the men;

Where the city of the faithfulest friends stands,
where the city of the cleanliness of the sexes stands;

Where the city of the healthiest fathers stands, where the
city of the best-bodied mothers stands:

There the great city stands.

A SONG OF HEAVENLY DEATH.

I am an acme of things accomplished, and I am an encloser of things to be. Immense have been the preparations for me, faithful and friendly the arms that have helped me.

Cycles ferried my cradle, rowing and rowing like cheerful boatmen; for room to me stars kept aside in their rings, they sent influences to look after what was to hold me. Now on this spot I stand with my robust soul.

I know I am deathless; I know that this orbit of mine cannot be cut by a carpenter's compass; I know I shall not pass like a child's carlacue cut with a burnt stick at night.

And whether I come to my own today, or in ten thousand or ten million years, I can cheerfully take it now, or with equal cheerfulness I can wait.

Grand is the seen, the light, to me,—grand are the sky and the stars, grand is the earth, and grand are lasting time and space, and grand their laws, so multiform, puzzling, evolutionary:

But grander far the unseen soul of me, comprehending, endowing all these, lighting the light, the sky and stars, delving the earth, sailing the sea; more evolutionary, vast, puzzling, O my soul! more lasting thou than they.

Swiftly I shrivel at the thought of God, at Nature and its wonders, Time and Space and Death, but that I turning, call to thee O soul, thou actual Me,—

And lo, thou greatly masterest the orbs, thou matest Time, smilest content at Death, and fillest full the vastnesses of Space.

Gliding o'er all, through all, through Nature, Time, and

Space, as a ship on the waters advancing, the voyage of the soul—not life alone, Death, many deaths I sing.

Come lovely and soothing Death, undulate around the world, serenely arriving, arriving in the day, in the night, to all, to each, sooner or later, delicate Death.

Praised be the fathomless universe, for life and joy, and for objects and for knowledge curious, and for love, sweet love—but praise! praise! praise! for the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding Death.

Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet, have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?

Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all, I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come, come unfalteringly.

Approach, strong deliveress, when it is so, when thou hast taken them I joyously sing the dead, lost in the loving floating ocean of thee, laved in the flood of thy bliss, O Death.

From me to thee glad serenades, dances for thee I propose saluting thee, adornments and feastings for thee;

The sight of the open landscape and the high-spread sky are fitting, and life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night, the night in silence under many a star;

The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave whose voice I know, and the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-veiled Death, and the body gratefully nestling close to thee.

Over the tree-tops I float thee a song, over the rising and sinking waves, over the myriad fields and the prairies wide, over the dense-packed cities all and the teeming wharves and ways, I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee, O Death!

THE MINISTRY OF MUSIC.

O Music Master of the universe, playing across souls that tremble into canticles of holy yearnings at thy touch, that cry forth in major chords of mastery at thy firm stroke, or softly sing amid the world's discordant sounds at thy caress:

Speak thou melodiously through our aspirations at this hour.

When the voices of the crowd grow harsh and terrifying, the whirr of the wheels of trade drowns out the promptings of the Voice within,

Then teach us to tune our throbbing spirits to the harmony of thy unmeasured love.

When the light fails and the shadows gather, touch our inward ear to hear thy songs in the night-time,

To know thee in the tremulous singing silence of our souls.

For the nameless unwritten lyrics of air and water, the lilt-ing breezes, the epic voices of the storm, the thundering choir of the waves wind-tossed, the placid lulling of the springtime rain—

We lift our wondering and raptured hearts to thee, O God.

For the cricket's kindly chirr at eventide, the invocation of the myriad winged singers in the dawn, for the trilling of the oriole in the sunshine and the infinite sweet dirge of the thrush in the gathering dusk—

The breathless hush of our listening spirits we would offer unto thee.

For man's response to the tempo of thy throbbing Uni-

versal Heart within his own—in primal dance-chant, in breath caught in the reedy flute, in chords scattered from the quivering strings, to renew his beaten spirit and his flagging strength—

We raise the harp of our heart's praise resoundingly to thee.

For all far souls that set measures upon the fleeting notes, taming them to recurring rhythms to serve man's need of valor-creating marches, of melodies for his adoration, his love and his labor—

We turn the golden pages of the past in gratitude.

For all the nameless chanters of venerative psalms, the tender mother-voices crooning little precious lullabys, the harpers of wild lamentations in bondage, the minstrel gatherers of glamorous tunes of almost-forgotten things—of heroes unvanquished, of heart's desires unspoken and loves that will not die—

Our reverent thanks for thy sweet spirit, moving thus within the soul of humankind.

Watching the inventive genius of the modern at work among the reeds, the levers, the strings, the tubes, the keys, so that out of the unliving mechanisms of wood and metal float forth star-harmonies to nourish the life of the imperishable spirit—

We joy in thy work, O Divine Artificer, we venerate it, and would guard its gifts for the ministration of man's highest life.

HEALTH AND HEALING.

Of old thou hast known that thy flesh is the habitation of the Most High; that God, even the Eternal One, is the measureless fountain from which thy spirit springs.

Certain art thou that radiant life is thy birthright: that vigor and beauty and grace are one with the nature that bears thee.

Break not, neither in witless nor willful folly, the beneficent laws that bound thy well-being; sin not by wasting the precious glory of health that is given thee.

For thou hast known and hast seen the terrors that follow the unwise and their children; how upon themselves and others, briefly or for long generations, the temple crumbleth, the stream floweth impure.

Suffer not thy higher and holier life to be enslaved by the lower; refrain thy mind from the vicious thought, and thy heart from the corrupt desire; and grow in knowledge of the laws of flesh and spirit.

For the unenlightened deed as much as the gross intention bringeth forth an evil inheritance to plague the children of men.

So close-linked is the health of mind with vigor of body, that ill thoughts far in the secret places of the soul may fester and poison the hardiest frame.

Wisely defend thee from fear and mistrust, from infections of hate and the fret of false thinking, from worries that weaken and doubts that exhaust thee.

In the days of thy strength hold thou fast to the primal roots of vitality, in the strong sun, and the clean air, and the pure water, and the good earth that brought thee forth.

Moreover, in the days of thy weakness, prize ye all the manifold curative forces that stream from the bounty of nature, to restore thee all joyous and whole.

From the Most High cometh healing; yet render all honor due unto them that labor with him: physicians, surgeons, nurses, and all them that minister to the ailing.

The practice of their art is a worthy prayer unto God; when thereto is added the insight of an understanding heart, verily their skill restoreth both body and soul.

In brotherly love sustain ye all hospitals and infirmaries, all clinics and medical missions, all nursing homes and sanatoriums, whereby the weak are strengthened, the sick are cured, and health maintained.

Pray ye for the prospering of all faithful pioneers engaged in arduous research, that they may be messengers of healing to generations yet to come.

May such as are shadowed by affliction wrought of their own folly learn through the bearing of their chastisement the beneficence of inexorable law.

May such as are bowed by pain through ignorance, or faults of others, be delivered from gloom or cursing; and their souls refined by the fire of whatsoever suffering they needs must bear.

Verily, strength and beauty and health are thy birthright; thou art an eternal spirit, clothed in a garment of flesh for a season, who returnest at length to the source of thy being, whatever the length of thy journey.

Therefore be of good cheer, and let no ills dismay thee; faith and hope are good medicines; lo, love healeth all things, yea, even death.

THE DRAMA OF LIFE.

Deep in the secret theatre of man's heart walk Comedy and Tragedy; and Hope and Fear, Contentment and Adventure, Hate and Love, tread grandly there.

On that dim stage beyond the curtain of our soul we sport at childish make-believe, play brutish scenes, or bear our part like men.

The veil is lifted on the primal gloom; we stand bewildered in the glare, or act with fluency our novel role; soon darkness closes, and our little drama's done—

An interlude performed between two mysteries:—
strange hurried interlude, entitled "Life."

Behind the lit proscenium of consciousness, the timeless drama runs; a mummerly of many selves that each self is; wearing the painted masks of circumstance, voicing the varied lines that chance may teach.

Players and spectators both are we! One self in us acts wiseman or the fool, hero or villian, while our other selves look on indulgently, applaud or scoff or scowl.

Outside this secret playhouse of the mind, where we rehearse, unseen, our character, there lies the great world-stage, where men and women all are players:

On earth's wide platform we perform, cast in the mighty pageant of our times, awkward as puppets are, but humanly aware.

We move amid a scene all set at birth; the lines of complicated plot by others ready laid; and yet, within that frame, interpretation of the part is ours alone;—

Magnificent or futile as the piece may seem, performance waits on us; we find no understudy here.

Sometimes the plot is tangled; or we muffle our lines; 'tis then we seek for some Director in the wings; or if glad praise or bitter blame we feel, the cry is "Author!"

Grandest and yet most futile human cry! For souls and bodies, space and time, life, and the flaming universe of stars, disguise the eternal Showman.

He does not plan, yet *from* him comes all purposes; he does not judge, yet *of* him come all values; he does not act, yet *by* him comes creation,—no mode of being is apart from him:—

Author, Critic and Player, three in One—the mystic Presence whereof all things are, but no word measures, save the nameless name of "God."

The play's the thing that manifests that word—collaboration in this cosmic spectacle revealing all we know or need! Enough that we can match the hour with deeds, and see the plot unfold!

We would be heroes in this theatre of Time! Our finest hopes are prayers; but prayers are manuscripts of worthier life that fade unless we act them.

Play well your part beneath the astral lamps! And when the masters of the mimic scene hold faithful mirrors up to nature, look well to learn the nobler role you yet might fill.

For we are comedy and tragedy and song, music and dance and mystery, within ourselves. On with the play called Life! Howe'er we're cast, we'll act with valiant heart!

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS.

We are a composite and cosmopolitan people. We are of the blood of all nations that war.

We wished nothing for ourselves that we were not ready to demand for all mankind—fair dealing, justice, the freedom to live and be at ease against organized wrong.

There are many things to do at home, to clarify our own politics and give new vitality to the industrial processes of our own life, and we shall do them as time and opportunity serve;

But we realize that the greatest things that remain to be done must be done with the whole world for stage, and in cooperation with the wide and universal forces of mankind.

We are provincials no longer. Tragical events of vital turmoil have made us citizens of the world. There can be no turning back.

Our own fortunes as a nation are involved, whether we would have it so or not.

And yet we are not the less American on that account. We shall be the more American if we but remain true to the principles in which we have been bred.

They are not the principles of a province or of a single continent. We have known and boasted all along that they were the principles of a liberated mankind.

These, therefore, are the things we shall stand for, whether in war or in peace:—

That all nations are equally interested in the peace of the world and in the political stability of free peoples,

and equally responsible for their maintenance;

That the essential principle of peace is the actual equality of nations in all matters of right or privilege;

That peace cannot securely or justly rest upon an armed balance of power;

That governments derive all their just powers from the consent of the governed, and that no other powers should be supported by the common thought, purpose, or power of the family of nations;

That the seas should be equally free and safe for the use of all peoples, and that they should be accessible to all upon equal terms;

That the community of interest and power upon which peace must henceforth depend, imposes upon each nation the duty of seeing to it that all influences proceeding from its own citizens, meant to encourage or assist revolution in other states, should be suppressed and prevented;

That national armaments should be limited to the necessities of national order and domestic safety.

The shadows that now lie dark upon our path will soon be dispelled, and we shall walk with the light all about us, if we be but true to ourselves,—

To ourselves as we have wished to be known in the counsels of the world, and in the thought of all those who love liberty and justice and the right exalted.

THE EVERLASTINGNESS OF VIRTUE.

The ungodly said within themselves, reasoning not aright:
Short and sorrowful is our life, and there is no healing when
a man comes to his end;

Because by mere chance were we born, and hereafter
we shall be as though we had never been;

Because the breath in our nostrils is smoke, and our reason
is a spark kindled by the beating of our heart, which being
extinguished, the body shall be turned to ashes;

For our allotted time is the passing of a shadow; there
is no putting back of our end, because it is fast sealed,
and none cometh again.

Come therefore and let us enjoy the good things that now
are; let us crown ourselves with rosebuds before they are
withered; let none of us go without his share of proud
revelry;

Let us oppress the righteous poor; let us not spare the
widow; but let our strength be the law of righteousness.
Thus reasoned they, and they were led astray.

For their wickedness blinded them, and they knew not the
mysteries of God, neither hoped they for the wages of holi-
ness, nor did they judge that there is a prize for blameless
souls.

For the ungodly shall see a wise man's end, and shall
not see what God purposed concerning him, and for
what he safely kept him.

In the eyes of the foolish they seem to die; and their de-
parture is accounted to be their hurt, and their journey
from us to be their ruin;

But they are at peace; for God created man for in-

corruption, and made him an image of his own everlastingness.

For even if in the sight of men they be punished, their hope is full of immortality; for a righteous man, though he die before his time, shall be at rest.

But the people saw, and understood it not, neither laid they up this in their minds: that they that are faithful through love shall abide with him.

For honorable age is not that which standeth in length of days, nor is its measure given by length of years;

For understanding is grey hairs unto men, and an unspotted life is ripe old age: being made perfect in a little while, he fulfilleth long years.

But the ungodly shall be requited even as they reasoned, they which lightly regard the righteous man, and revolted from the Most High;

Because the hope of the ungodly man is as chaff carried by the wind, and as a spider's web vanishing before a tempest.

But they that have kept holily the things that are holy shall themselves be accounted holy, and they that have been taught them shall find what to answer;

For the righteous live forever, and in God is their reward, and the care for them is with the Most High.

THE INNER VISION.

To every form of being is assigned an active Principle:—
 howe'er removed from sense and observation, it subsists
 in all things, in all natures;

In the stars of azure heaven, the unenduring clouds,
 in flower and tree, in every pebbly stone that paves
 the brooks, the stationary rocks, the moving waters,
 and the invisible air.

Whate'er exists hath properties that spread beyond itself,
 communicating good; spirit that knows no insulated spot,
 no chasm, no solitude; from link to link it circulates, the
 Soul of all the worlds;

Unfolded still the more, more visible the more we
 know; and yet is revered least, and least respected
 in the human Mind, its most apparent home.

For I have learned to look on nature, not as in the hour of
 thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes the still, sad
 music of humanity, nor harsh nor grating, though of ample
 power to chasten and subdue.

And I have felt a presence that disturbs me with the
 joy of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime of something
 far more deeply interfused,

Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, and the round
 ocean and the living air, and the blue sky, and in the mind
 of man;

A motion and a spirit, that impels all thinking things,
 all objects of all thought, and rolls through all things.

Therefore am I still a lover of the meadows and the woods
 and mountains; and of all that we behold from this green
 earth;

Well pleased to recognize in nature and the language of the sense, the anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse, the guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul of all my moral being.

Nature never did betray the heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege, through all the years of this our life, to lead from joy to joy;

For she can so inform the mind that is within us, so impress with quietness and beauty, and so feed with lofty thoughts,

That neither evil tongues, rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men, nor greetings where no kindness is, shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb our cheerful faith that all which we behold is full of blessings.

Therefore let the moon shine on thee in thy solitary walk; and let the misty mountain-winds be free to blow against thee;

And in after years thy mind shall be a mansion for all lovely forms, thy memory be a dwelling-place for all sweet sounds and harmonies;

With what healing thoughts of tender joy wilt thou remember that blessed mood, in which the burden of the mystery, the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world, is lightened:—

That serene and blessed mood, in which the affections gently lead us on,—until, the breath of this corporeal frame and even the motion of our human blood almost suspended, we are laid asleep in body, and become a living soul:

While with an eye made quiet by the power of harmony, and the deep power of joy, we see into the life of things.

HEAVEN LIES ABOUT US IN OUR INFANCY

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting: the soul that rises with us, our life's star, hath had elsewhere its setting, and cometh from afar:

Not in entire forgetfulness, and not in utter nakedness, but trailing clouds of glory do we come from God, who is our home.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses: see, where mid work of his own hand he lies, fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses, with light upon him from his father's eyes!

See, at his feet some little plan or chart, some fragment from his dream of human life, shaped by himself with newly-learned art.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie thy soul's immensity; thou best philosopher, who yet doth keep thy heritage;

Mighty prophet! seer blest! on whom these truths do rest which we are toiling all our lives to find;

Thou little child, yet glorious in the might of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height; why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke the years to bring the inevitable yoke?

Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight, and custom lie upon thee with a weight, heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy! that in our embers is something that doth live, that nature yet remembers what was so fugitive! The thought of our past years in me doth breed perpetual benediction:

Not indeed for that which is most worthy to be

blest—delight and liberty, the simple creed of childhood—

Not for these I raise the song of thanks and praise; but for those obstinate questionings of sense and outward things, fallings from us, vanishings;

Blank misgivings of a creature moving about in worlds not realized;

High instincts before which our mortal nature did tremble like a guilty thing surprised;

But for those first affections, those shadowy recollections, which, be they what they may, are yet the fountain light of all our day, are yet a master light of all our seeing;

Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make our noisy years seem moments in the being of the eternal silence;

Truths that wake to perish never; which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor, nor all that is at enmity with joy, can utterly abolish or destroy!

Hence in a season of calm weather though inland far we be, our souls have sight of that immortal sea which brought us hither;

Can in a moment travel thither, and see the children sport upon the shore, and hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

LIFE ILLUMINED.

O Thou whose light manifests itself in the vesture of the world! Thy names are manifested in the nature of man; thy knowledge shows itself in the science of thy prophets;

Thy bounty is manifested in the bounty of great hearts. We recognize thy mark in every place. The world is thy image.

We worship the true, the source of purity. We worship the Omnipresent, the True Spirit, visible and invisible: who is in all that sustains the welfare of the good creation.

We praise all good thoughts, all good deeds that are and will be; all that keeps pure; all that is good. Whatever road we take joins the highway that leads to the Eternal One.

O man! who art the universe in little, cease for a moment from thy absorption in loss and gain:

Take one draught from the hands of Him who offers the cup of creation to thy lips; and so free thyself from the cares of this world, and anxiety about another.

The temple we should frequent is the turquoise dome of the sky. Sell all your rosaries and all holy names around them, for that wine which fills creation's cup.

The earth with its light and shadow, its ebb and flow, is all enchanted ground. It is all thine, O thou supreme Wisdom and Love!

Setting out on thy soul's pilgrimage, unite to thyself what hearts thou canst.

Know well that a hundred holy temples of wood and stone have not the value of one understanding heart.

The children of mankind are members of one another, and are produced all from the same substance; when the world gives pain to one member, the others suffer uneasiness.

To enjoy the benefits of providence is wisdom; to enable others to enjoy them is virtue. He who is indifferent to the welfare of others does not deserve to be called a man.

The best way of worshipping God is to allay the distress of the times and to improve the conditions of mankind.

This is true religion: to cleanse oneself with pure thoughts, words and deeds. He needs no other rosary whose life is strung with beads of loving thought.

Have the religions of mankind no common ground? Is there not everywhere the same enrapturing beauty, beaming forth from many thousand hidden places?

Broad indeed is the carpet which the All-loving One has spread, and beautiful the colors he has given it.

There is but one lamp in his house, in the rays of which, wherever we look, a bright assembly greets us.

Diversity of worship has divided the human race into countless nations; from all their dogmas we may select one:—Divine Love.

A ROSARY OF THINGS BEAUTIFUL.

O all ye things of tenderness and grace! Bless ye our minds and lift us up forever.

Beautiful is the blue weather that follows after rain.
Beautiful the brimming river that slides through meadows, with whispering reeds.

Beautiful is the flying moon that gleams and hides in the dappled sky. Beautiful are the salt pools locked in by bars of sand with sea beyond.

Beautiful is the wheat where crimson poppies burn,
beautiful the brown waves of ripening corn, the glory of forest leaves and orchards hung with fruit.

Beautiful is the return of the swallow, the cooing of doves in the treetops, beautiful is the skylark throwing down his shower of melody.

Beautiful are the mist and the rain, the sere woods, the troubled clouds and the storm, and the hoar frost and the virgin snow.

O all ye works of strength! Bless ye our minds and lift us up forever.

Beautiful is the work of man, though black with smoke and slag. Beautiful are the city streets with their carnival of eagerness and joy. Beautiful is the sea of roofs and spires and drifting smoke at sunset.

Beautiful is fine machinery with gleaming steel and brass and whirling shafts, the perfect brotherhood of part with part.

Beautiful is the form of a ship on the sea, the red sail of the fisher, and the great liner. Beautiful are the granite wharves, the water-gates and stalwart bridges.

Beautiful is the flow of commerce, the ceaseless traffic of oils and fruits and fibres.

Beautiful are the smelting fires that blaze from their towers a gush of glory into the night.

O all ye memories of love! Bless ye our minds and lift us up forever.

Beautiful is the sight of many children at play.
Beautiful is the croon of a mother over her babe.
Beautiful are the feet and hands of the newborn.

Beautiful is the love of the strong for the helpless, beautiful is the love born of gratitude, and still more beautiful is the love that knows not how it arose.

Beautiful are the dreams that visit lovers of mankind.
Beautiful is the heroism that does not see itself. Beautiful is the humility of a strong man.

O all ye things of tenderness and grace, all ye works of strength, and memories of love!

Bless ye our minds, and lift them up forever.

BELIEF IN LIFE.

We believe in human nature:

Every sin we commit is against the law of our being.

We believe in liberty, strength and delight:

For such are the crowns of life.

We believe in the awful mountains, the infinite stars, and the wind blowing from the sea.

We believe in the hawthorne when it is white, and in all gentle things; and we stoop our ear to the silence of the earth.

We believe that all things flow:

That no creed or religion, no form of government or social order, no standard of beauty, no code of morals, is final and perfect.

We believe in growth:

In the sure and certain betterment of society.

We believe in integrity:

It will never be put to shame.

We believe in an unseen tide which helps every good cause.

We believe in the immortality of every good deed and every true thought.

We believe in the creative value of suffering:

We believe that knowledge is the foundation of sympathy.

We believe in the forgiveness of sins:

For every man is worth forgiving.

We believe in the satisfaction of work well done; in the

approval of those we love; in the healing grace of duty; in the sufficiency of the human spirit to meet all demands upon it:

These things are the water of life—the perfect consolation.

We lift up our hands and declare in the face of all faults and follies and fears:

That Life is good, is good!

*To this page may be attached any special
reading, liturgical form, or order of worship.*

A COVENANT FOR FREE WORSHIP.

Love is the Doctrine of this Church,
The quest of truth is its Sacrament,
And service is its Prayer.

To dwell together in Peace,
To seek knowledge in Freedom,
To serve mankind in Fellowship,

To the end that all souls shall grow
into harmony with the Divine,

Thus do we Covenant with each other
and with our God.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

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This Index will be found helpful in selecting Readings for special observance, as well as material for antiphonal or private reading on a desired topic. In addition to the predominating theme of each Reading, which is indicated in its title, there are often several subordinate topics; numbers here listed refer both to major and subordinate topics. Increased familiarity with the listed topics will increase the value of the Index.

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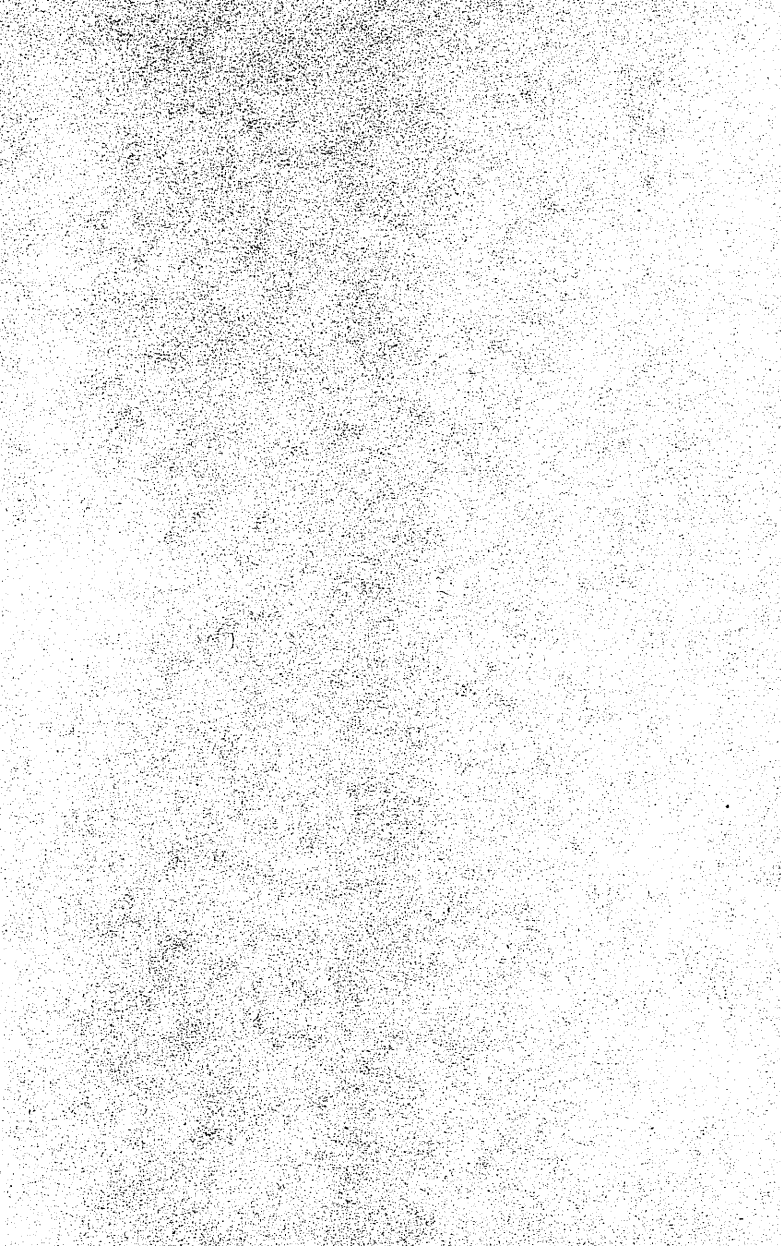
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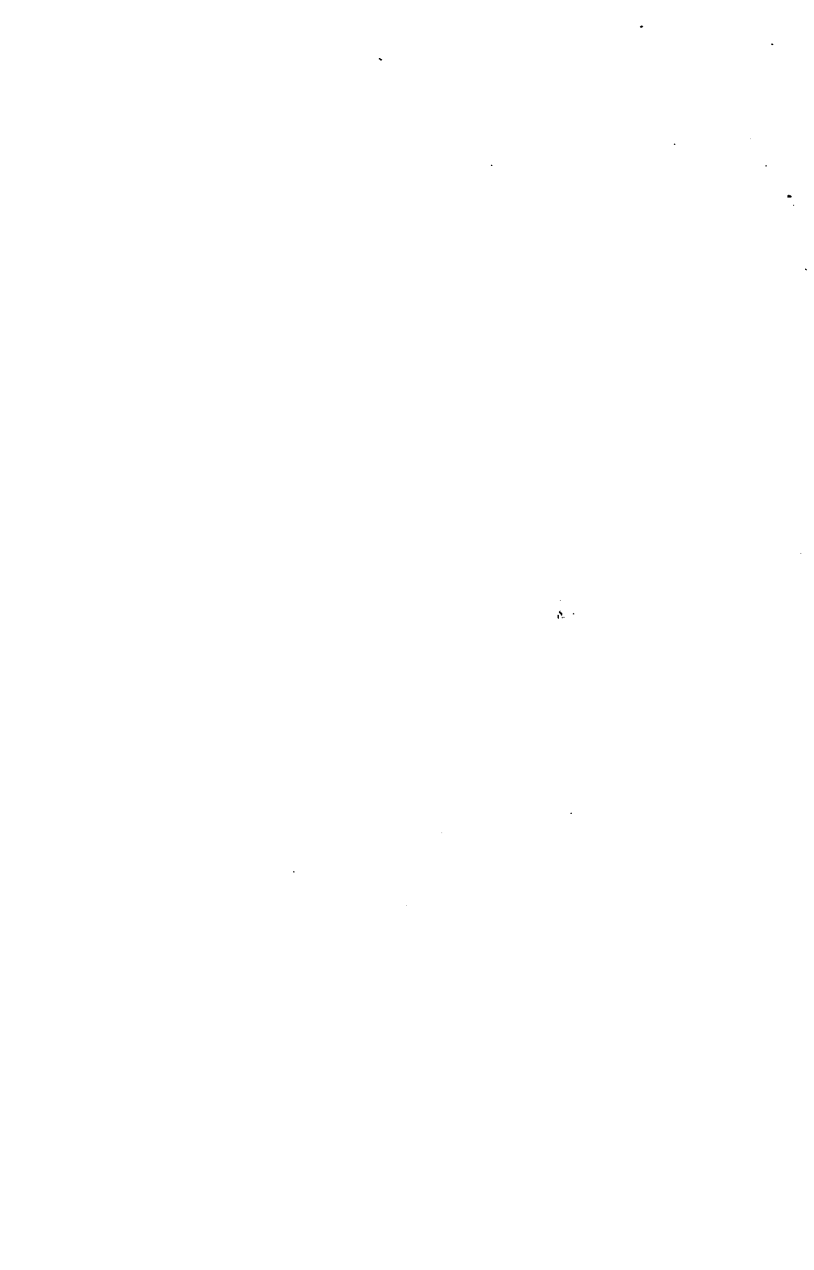
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